

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Common Events: a Continuation of 'Rich and Poor.'* Post 8vo. pp 382. Edinburgh and London, 1825. Blackwood.

THE author of *Common Events* commences by observing that a 'twice-told tale is proverbially tedious;' and he might have added, that a half-told tale is very provoking. We recollect with what misery, in our younger days, we have waited for the second or third volume of even a Minerva-Press novel from some circulating library, when we had reached the middle of the story; and every one who knows the art of experienced novel-writers in concluding a volume at some interesting passage, in order to excite interest for the future, will sympathize with us. No grass grew in the path from our dwelling to that of the bookseller, and his patience was almost exhausted in our *Tonsonizing* him about the divided novel. If waiting a few hours or a few days created so much mortification, what are we to say to publishing novels piecemeal, at intervals of twelve or eighteen months. We were just on the point of protesting against this system, when we recollected that, although *Common Events* form a continuation of *Rich and Poor*, yet that the latter work was complete in itself. They may, in short, be compared to the *Youthful Days* of Charles Matthews and his present entertainment,—both perfect in themselves, yet harmonizing together.

Such of our readers as bear in mind our notice of *Rich and Poor*, or have read the book, will at once recollect that the author is a very rigid moralist, and that the work is as much one of ethics as of fiction. *Common Events* is precisely of the same character; the author resumes the story where he or she (for we suspect the sex) left it off. The volume now before us is, however, much more interesting in its story and incidents than its predecessor, and there is more vigour of character throughout. There is, certainly, the same inculcation of religious principle, and the same denunciations against vice and infidelity. We shall now make an extract from the least serious part of the work:—

'Dintherout was, in all respects, like any other country town. It contained one principal street, in which there was the Silver Key, and a few shops, in which small quantities of all things might be had. The working part of the population were, some of them, at the loom, and some of them in the field; but the street, as usual, displayed a proportion of old men and old women, children, ducks, chickens, dogs, and, at the door of the Silver Key, there were several carriages and gigs and curricles; and there were

boys riding through the town on horses newly caught, without any furniture whatever. The weather had brightened up so considerably, that some of the party from Roe Park were half repenting of their expedition, but it would ruin the players were they now to return. It was an uncommonly comfortable commodious theatre, built by subscription, and the marchioness's patronage was expected to fill it. The town of Dintherout had given it free to the strollers, who were, as usual, in a state of the greatest poverty. There was little amusement expected from the excellence of the performance, yet much might be derived from its absurdity. There were flaming handbills posted up in various parts of the street, intimating that, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Vainall, would be performed the tragedy of Macbeth; and never was such a pennyworth to be given for the money, for Macbeth was to recite between acts the adventures of Cornet Flash, and to sing several favourite songs; and Miss Flowers was to dance the shawl dance, and to sing the Maid of Windsor, and to go through a fire balloon upon horseback; and the whole was to conclude with a new pantomimic farce, never before performed in Dintherout, called the Interesting Clown. Many a boy and girl loitered on their way to school to spell this attractive bill. Dr. Spleen Harris and Sir Philip Hum found themselves engaged in the same occupation as they were loitering about before dinner.

"I am not quite convinced," said Dr Spleen Harris, "that it adds much to our friend the marchioness's dignity, to have her name flourishing as patroness to such a set of ragamuffins, as the names in this bill would indicate them to be."

"We must not be scrupulous about trifles in this bustling world," said Sir Philip Hum.

'Strolling players have been frequently and well described. Hogarth's admirable delineation brings them before our eyes in all their wretched trappings; and Crabbe has not lessened the horror that a mind alive to humanity, and not perverted by satire, must experience in contemplating this degrading occupation of our brothers and sisters of the human race. The earnings of many a labourer in Dintherout were destined to be spent this evening in the encouragement of this band; the ale-houses and inferior inns expected much custom on the dismissal of the theatre; and it would be early on the Lord's day ere the cottages received again their inmates. Many a farmer's wife and daughter decked themselves in their best array, their Sunday's clothes, to attend this amusement, sanctioned by the Marchioness of Vainall.

But, had they seen the wretchedness of the beings who were labouring to divert them, we shall hope that better feelings would have prompted them so to bestow their money as to have enabled the poor vagabonds to rest their wearied bodies, to look after their famishing children, to fly from the contamination of one another.

'The landlord of the Silver Key, Joseph Macbill, had been in bad health for some years, and set by, as his wife expressed it. She had been a cook before her marriage, and talked of him with much the same respect as she would have done of an old tureen, and uttered her sorrows concerning him in this manner to Jerkins, the marchioness's maid, in reply to her inquiry after his health.

"Thank you for speerin' for him—hech me! he'll no mend noo—I think he's got an income in his arm—he's noo clean cracked and broken! wae's me, he's been a silly man a' his days. The maintenance o' him is a sair brawback upon me, for I'm but a silly woman mysell, no able to fight and steer about the house as I used to do."

"But I hope your customers still frequent the Silver Key?" said Jerkins.

"I canna compleen," said Mrs. Macbill: "but they cum a' at ance, and I may say, speak a' at ance; thae Englishmen are sometimes like to pit me woof, when they cum down wi' their guns an' their dougs, and their valys.—But wha is yon?" continued she, looking out at the door, and pointing to the gentlemen.

"It's Doctor Spleen Harris," said Jerkins.

"Houts, woman, I ken him weel enough," said Mrs. Macbill, "he's often here: but whae is he yon who is walken wi' him?"

"He's a grand Englishman," said Jerkins; "a Sir Philip Hum, with a great deal of money; he's one of those who come into the country with the moor-fowl, and depart with the partridges."

"I haena seen a patrick the year," said Mrs. Macbill:—"but surely I'm no wise! I hae little need to stand cracken here, when a's on my shouthers, and when I hae sa muckle ado."

"How do you do, Mrs. Macbill?" said a man who came up to them.

"I'm gaely; how's a' wi' ye yoursel, John?"

"It was John Pow the barber, who, seeing so much company arrive at the inn, came to see if there was any employment for him.

"Just stap in and tak your chance, John," said Mrs. Macbill, as she ran off to the kitchen, to bustle the cook and hurry the waiter. Next in degree appeared Betty



Broom, to receive from the lips of Jenkins instructions how the noble party liked their pillows and blankets and mattresses arranged. There is no station in society exempt from the inroads of pride and ambition; and Mrs. Macbill, of the Silver Key, had her own share of it. She was not overstocked with any sense, and certainly not with what is called common sense, else she would have known how impossible it was for her to have vied with Cochon, the marquis's French cook; but this she had the ambitious daring presumption to attempt, and gave herself a prodigious deal of ill-bestowed trouble in preparing badly-cooked fine dishes, which, privately, the family of the Vainalls were tired of at home, even when cooked with the best materials, and in Cochon's best style. Whereas she might have given them the highest pleasure of a gourmand, an agreeable variety, by preparing for them what she was quite an adept at, a well-cooked plain dinner.

"This soup is precisely negus," said the marquis, putting away his plate.

"Pray don't venture upon that curry," said Sir Philip, "it has nearly flayed my throat."

"This cream is made especially for the ladies," said Dr. Spleen Harris, "quite brandy posset."

"The chickens are very nice, I can assure you," said Lady Amelia.

"I thought I recognised some of their relations in the court of the inn," said the marchioness, "which is enough for me."

The marquis, as has been before remarked, loved his dinner, and he could not dine upon Mrs. Macbill's dressed dishes; but, upon inquiry, he discovered that the house contained a vulgar piece of cold beef, intended for Mrs. Macbill's domestics, and on this, to her great mortification, the marquis and his party made a hearty repast.

"Great folks are great plagues," said Mrs. Macbill; "couldna they eat what was served up, but they bid to hae the beef too, I se warrant?"

We hope there may be some hints in the foregoing detail, which may prove useful to people of moderate establishments, when they wish to feed their betters. But there were no real idolaters of their stomach in this party, none who were enthusiastic and glorified in their shame. The gourmand alone can tell whether the remembrance of having eaten a good dinner conveys any pleasure to his soul; he, too, can tell the delight of the present enjoyment, and what degree of delight there is in the anticipation of pleasure to come.

Common Events, it will be seen, is well written, and we recommend it on this account, as well as for the excellent moral it inculcates.

*Travels in Russia, the Crimea, the Caucasus, and Georgia.* By ROBERT LYALL, M.D. F.L.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1825. Cadell.

THIS is the third work Dr. Lyall has published within the last eighteen months, on the subject of Russia. On two of these we have

freely expressed our opinion; the third now awaits us. A gentleman of the doctor's observation, residing many years in Russia, knowing her language, mixing in her society, and travelling through her provinces, could not fail of gleaning much interesting and novel information. The doctor is, however, somewhat too fond of giving opinions and explaining the cause of every thing; and if he gives a true, he is somewhat too partial to a gloomy, picture of what he sees. His character of the higher classes of society in Russia represented them in a very unfavourable light indeed, both as to morals and manners, and has drawn upon the doctor not only their displeasure, but that of the Emperor of Russia himself: at the same time, however, Dr. Lyall pays a high compliment to Russian hospitality. His present work is entitled *Travels*, but it includes many observations made before the journey, as well as some intelligence received since his return. In his travels, he was accompanied by two Italian noblemen and an English (or rather Welsh, we presume) gentleman, Edward Penrhyn, Esq. Reserving for a future occasion all critical remarks on these volumes, we shall proceed to make a few extracts.

Dr. Lyall gives some interesting anecdotes of the rude, but brave and generous leader of the Cossacks, Platof, who was born on the 6th of August, 1751, and died on the 3rd of January, 1818. Platof had a very retentive memory, and could name, without error, all the staff and superior officers of about forty thousand troops, and even many of the Cossacks:—

"He had an excellent custom of praising the common Kozaks for the good and zealous fulfilment of their duties. He ordered those who had so distinguished themselves to be presented to him, and generally asked, in the most affable manner, what was their own and their fathers' names. Having received an answer as to the name of the father, he often remembered the name of the regiment in which he had served, and on such an occasion, turning to those around him, he said, 'Behold, gentlemen, I will tell you\*, I will remember his father; he was a very brave Kozak, and, like myself, robust; I served with him in the Turkish campaign, and he did many important actions. Know, I will tell you, he partly resembles him, even in his gait. Now I am glad: God bless the colonel, that he named him for this commission; from him I expect all that is good.' Then turning to the Kozak, 'Thou art the conductor of the Kurmonastinskoi station?' and being answered in the affirmative;—'So I remember. Do you know, gentlemen, that I even remember their house; his father was respected in the station. It happened that I once rode there, and scarcely remained any time with them; I saw your house,'—again turning to the Kozak;—'having entered the stanitsa, and having ascended the little hill upon the left in the cross-street—this well, well I remember; they are even, I will tell

\* I will tell you was a proverbial expression of the count's in every conversation, and was by far too often repeated."

you, good economists: tell me, does thy mother at least live, good old woman; and is there not some one besides in the family? It is time for thee to marry. I am happy to assist such punctual persons, and who have finished their time of service; to say nothing of bravery, it would be shameful for a Kozak not to be brave, and it is necessary to endeavour even more. What thinkest thou? Now God bless thee also: thanks from me to the colonel: endeavour in future to conduct thyself thus—increase confidence; yes, and I will look further after thy conduct;—thus, perhaps, I will advance thee: pray God for our gracious bátushka\*, the emperor." And when the Kozak was elated with joy, making his obeisance to his chief—his father, he only wished to depart, when the count detained him with a new question: "Dost thou drink vodtki?" and if he received a negative answer, he generally continued thus: "that is very well, I will tell you;—yet it is necessary for a Don Kozak, by little and little, to accustom himself: there happen bad weather and snow-storms; and the Donskoi Kozak is always upon his horse, and in the field:—it sometimes happens that he is not like himself; there, I will tell you, the best medicine is a small glass of something warm, and especially of spirits with mustard. Stop, I will treat thee with wine." Then, having called for wine, he presented it with his own hands."

Platof had his weaknesses, too, as will be seen by the following anecdote:—

"In the reign of Catharine II., there existed a custom, as a token of the monarch's benevolence to the Voiskovoi Ataman of the forces of the don, of making a present annually to his spouse of those clothes with which her majesty had been dressed on the first day of the year. Although Platof did not hold that station, yet by his eminent services he had the happiness of being known and distinguished by the empress; and at various times he received marks of her benevolence. Whether by the instigation of his spouse, or through his own wish to gratify her by a monarchical favour from the sovereign, which was then allowed only to the spouse of the Ataman of the Don, he resolved to endeavour to procure this favour for himself, by means of individuals who were placed about her majesty. But he was refused, and no doubt without the knowledge of the empress. From this he inferred that the empress was disaffected towards him, an idea which threw him into such deep affliction, that he soon became seriously ill, and the consequences might have been fatal, if his friend, the late Count Valerian Zubof, had not set the affair right. Having heard of Platof's affliction and disease, without informing him, that nobleman made them known, as well as their cause, to the empress. The great Catharine received the news with feeling, and, moreover, manifested her anger at those who had dared, without her knowledge, to refuse the object of Platof's prayer, and, at the same

\* Batushka means grandfather, literally; but is also a term of the highest compliment bestowed on those we revere."

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time, ordered the clothes to be sent to his spouse. This altogether unexpected favour of the monarch soon recovered Platof's health, and restored his drooping spirit."

Some time ago, there were several very excellent articles in Blackwood's Magazine, under the title of Italian Hoaxing, consisting of humorous tales of fiction; a volume equally amusing might be made, by collecting all the fabrications which, during the last war, were resorted to, in order to rouse John Bull's indignation against Napoleon, and encourage him to continue the war. One of these, which will be at once recollected, is exposed by Dr. Lyall; it relates to Platof:—

"The veteran was said to have offered his daughter in marriage, and her weight of gold as her dowry, to the individual who should deliver to him the conqueror of Europe, Napoleon, dead or alive. This fable, under a modification, even found a place in a justly celebrated review. There it is said that "the veteran Platof, whose blood had been so often shed in the defence of Russia on former occasions, now showed his ardour for the cause in which he was engaged, by promising his daughter and 200,000 roubles, to the hero who should rid the world of the invader." The said lady was painted in the brightest colours of fancy, and her portrait caught the attention of the passers-by, in the shop-windows of London and Edinburgh, and even in the provincial towns of our island. She was beautiful, her father was a hero, and riches abounded at Novo-Tcherkask. But alas! for the Ataman's successors, there was no foundation for such reports: Platof was never rich. I believe he was in difficulty, if not in debt; and, what is more extraordinary, he had no daughter *unmarried* in 1812. But such a report, though an imposition, was congenial to the general feeling of the British nation at the time, and thus it met with ready belief. When we lately had the pleasure of dining at the table of Platof's successor, I repeated the story as told above, and in the language of the country, so that all present understood. The recital was followed by bursts of laughter; at the cessation of which, one of his best friends told us, that it was indeed a great mistake. "Platof," said he, "was always poor, because he was always liberal; and, had he had a daughter to marry in 1812, instead of thousands of roubles, or her weight of gold, if he could have given the weight of one of her ears in that metal in dowry, it was his utmost!"

Dr. Lyall gives a very unfavourable character of Russian tradesmen. He says:—

"The character of dishonesty seems to have clung to this class of subjects at least for some hundred years, for even one of the best historians of Russia, Karamzin, frankly avows, "That in the times of the great dukes, the Moscow merchants knew and confirmed the proverb, that 'A merchant will sell his face:'" and he adds, that "Their *finesse* in buying and selling astonished the Germans, who said, "Satan alone could cheat a Russian!"

The servants, who purchase for their masters, are generally bribed; but Russia is not the only country in which this system prevails:

"To such an extent does this mode of giving and receiving premiums extend, that the servant who carries a receipt to the apothecary's shop universally gets his reward; for if he did not, he would contrive, by some means or other, to carry the next prescription to another apothecary, who, he knew, *would not forget him*: respectable apothecaries are therefore necessitated to comply with a revolting custom, or they might shut their shops. As elsewhere, many of the noble families are in the custom of running quarterly, or half yearly, or annual accounts with the apothecaries; and, when the bills are paid, the servants obtain a handsome present.

"But this practice of presents also prevails among a higher class of individuals. Soon after my arrival in Russia, I had occasion to purchase a quantity of medicines. Some time afterwards, when the bill was paid, I was rather surprised at receiving a handsome present from the apothecary. On mentioning the circumstance to a friend, my surprise ceased. The fact is, that it is well understood that all medical men, if they choose, receive ten, and sometimes even fifteen per cent. profit, upon medicines they purchase for public charities, or for private apothecary shops upon the estates of the nobility in the interior; and five or ten per cent. upon the value of all medicines made up by their prescriptions throughout the empire."

Every person has read or heard of the ice palace, constructed at St. Petersburg, in the year 1740; yet we are indebted to Dr. Lyall for the best account of it, translated from the description of Kraft, the celebrated academician, which was published the year after its erection:—

"From the author's statement it appears that, seven years anterior to the erection of the palace in question, an ice castle and garrison had been built upon the river Néva. But the ice bent under their weight, and that of the soldiers who guarded them. At the whimsical marriage of Prince Gallitsin, it was resolved to erect a palace of ice, and, to avoid the same occurrence, a situation between the Admiralty and the Winter Palace was chosen for its foundation on *terra firma*, and Mr. A. D. Tatistcheff, one of the lords of the bed-chamber, was instructed to superintend the execution of the scheme according to a regular plan. It may be difficult to determine whether the expenses of the erection of this ice palace, or the purpose for which it was destined, as the temporary residence of the prince already mentioned and his bride, demonstrated the highest degree of folly.

"The ice palace was constructed of blocks of ice cut out of the winter covering of the Néva, which were from two to three feet in thickness, according to necessity. Being properly formed and adjusted to each other, water was poured between them, which, being soon frozen, acted the part of cement; so that the whole edifice, with its furniture, may be said to have consisted of one immense mass of ice.

"The length of the edifice was fifty-six, its breadth seventeen and a half, and its height twenty-one feet. It was constructed according to the strictest rules of art, and was

adorned with a portico, columns, and statues. It consisted of a single story, whose front was provided with a door and fourteen windows, the frames of the latter, as well as the panes, being all formed of ice. The sides of the doors and of the windows were painted in imitation of green marble.

"On each side of the door was a dolphin, from the mouths of which, by means of naphtha, volumes of flame were emitted in the evening. Next to them were two mortars, equal to eighty-pounders, from which many bombs were thrown, a quarter of a pound of powder being used for each charge. On each side of the mortars stood three cannons, equal to three-pounders, mounted upon carriages and with wheels, which were often used. In the presence of a number of persons attached to the court, a bullet was driven through a board two inches thick, at the distance of sixty paces, by one of these cannon; a quarter of a pound of powder being also used for a charge.

"The interior of the edifice had no ceiling, and consisted of a lobby and two large apartments; one on each side, which were well furnished and painted in the most elegant manner, though merely formed of ice. Tables, chairs, statues, looking-glasses, candlesticks, watches, and other ornaments, besides tea-dishes, tumblers, wine-glasses, and even plates with provisions, were seen in one apartment, also formed of ice and painted of their natural colours; while in the other was remarked a state bed, with curtains, bed, pillows, and bed-clothes, two pairs of slippers, and two night-caps of the same cold material.

"Behind the cannon, the mortars, and the dolphins, stretched a low balustrade. On each side of the building was a small entrance, pots with flowers, and orange-trees, partly formed of ice and partly natural, on which birds sat. Beyond these were erected two icy pyramids. On the right of one of them stood an elephant, which was hollow, and so contrived as to throw out burning naphtha, while a person within it, by means of a tube, imitated the natural cries of this animal. On the left of the other pyramid was seen the never-failing concomitant of all princely dwellings in Russia, a *banya*, or bath, apparently formed of barks, which is said to have been sometimes heated, and even to have been appropriated to use.

"The appearance of the ice palace, it is said, was remarkably splendid when lighted up in the evening with numerous candles. Amusing transparencies were usually suspended in the windows to increase the effect, and the emission of flames by the dolphins and the elephant all tended to excite greater surprise, while the people beheld the crystalline mass.

"As was naturally to be expected, crowds of visitors were continually seen around this fantastic and unique construction, which remained entire from the beginning of January almost to the middle of March. At the end of the latter month, however, the glassy fabric began to melt, and soon afterwards it was broken into pieces, which were conveyed to the imperial ice-cellar."

(To be concluded in our next.)



*Memoirs of Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish Philosopher; including the celebrated Correspondence on the Christian Religion, with J. C. Lavater, Minister of Zurich.* By M. SAMUELS. 8vo. pp. 171. London, 1825.

MOSES MENDELSSOHN was one of the most extraordinary men of the age: to superior learning and eminent talents, he added wisdom the most profound and qualities the most amiable. 'When,' as his biographer well observes in the preface, 'we see an individual excel in various sciences, who is the offspring of humble and indigent parents, born in an obscure town, amongst a scanty and poor community;—when we see him soar, eagle-like, to the grand luminary of science and knowledge, nothing appalled, though living in an age that had but just begun to emerge from the mist of bigotry and prejudice, in which so many of its predecessors had been enveloped;—when we discover an eloquent writer, a great philosopher, amongst a people deteriorated and paralysed by ill treatment and oppression; amongst a people cruelly neglected, and impolitically excluded from the emporiums of polite learning and useful knowledge;—when we consider that this individual left his native home, a solitary wanderer, unpatronised, unrecommended, without money, decent clothing, or expectation, without any thing on earth, indeed, but a firm reliance on Providence;—when we know that he had no example to stimulate, no encouragement to solace, not even an alluring probability to speculate upon;—we shall find ample cause for wonder and admiration. And if it appears that this individual had moreover to struggle through life against some of the bitterest opposers of study and meditation, namely, a feeble constitution, pinching want, the bereavement of an only teacher, and the machinations of jealousy, and nevertheless attained to an almost unparalleled degree of perfection in every science he applied himself to, ultimately towering above all his competitors:—we may, without being thought enthusiasts, hail him as the harbinger of better days to a fallen—but not an irreclaimable—people, and of its redemption from the trammels of supineness, and the spell of superstition, in which it had so long previously been lingering.'

Such was Moses Mendelssohn, the son of a transcriber of the Pentateuch, who also kept a Hebrew day-school at Dessau, in Germany, where Moses was born, in September, 1729. According to the then prevailing system of educating Jew boys, young Mendelssohn was sent to the public seminary, where children were taught to prattle mechanically the *Mishna* and *Gemarra*, concerning laws of betrothing, divorce, and other irrelevant matters, before they were able to write a single text of Scripture correctly. Yet so anxious was his father, who was very poor, that he should acquire even this limited education, that, when young Moses was only seven years old, he 'would make him rise at three or four o'clock in winter mornings, and, after giving him a cup of tea, would carry him,

wrapped in a roquelaure, to the Jewish seminary.' Young Mendelssohn soon found that he was not pursuing the proper course to arrive at solid knowledge: he began to study the Hebrew language grammatically; was soon able to write it with purity and elegance; and, when in his tenth year, composed Hebrew verses, which, in after-life, pleased him so little, that he resolved to write no more original poetry in that language: 'I have no genius for poetry,' he used modestly to say; 'my mind is more disposed to penetrate into the deep recesses of the understanding than to roam in the lighter regions of fancy.' His metrical translations of the Psalms are, however, allowed to be beautiful compositions. So industrious was Mendelssohn, that he soon made himself master of the text of the Talmud, and knew the whole of the *Law* and the *Prophets* by heart.

Rabbi D. Fraukel, the tutor of Mendelssohn, leaving Dessau for Berlin, his pupil, at the age of fourteen, followed him, and reached the capital of Prussia, without money sufficient to provide even a single meal: a benevolent Jew, Mr. Hyam Bamberg, gave young Mendelssohn an attic room in his house, and two days' board weekly, while he prosecuted his studies under his former teacher. So limited were the finances of this embryo Plato, that, when he purchased a loaf of brown bread, he notched it according to the standard of his pocket, never eating according to his appetite, but to his finances. Self-taught, he learned Latin, and instructed a friend in it, Israel Moses, who, in return, taught Mendelssohn geometry. Mendelssohn now studied the French and English languages, with which he made himself acquainted. Mr. Bernard, an opulent man of the Jewish persuasion, noticed Mendelssohn, and, being strongly interested in his favour, admitted him into his house and entrusted him with the education of his children. He had now the means of prosecuting his studies, and there was scarcely any branch of science or literature that he neglected. His talents soon recommended him to Mr. Bernard, who made him first clerk, then cashier, and afterwards manager, of his silk manufactory, with a liberal income.

The quibbles and quiddities of the Jewish Rabbins disgusted Mendelssohn, who wished to direct them to more rational studies. With a literary coadjutor, he commenced a Hebrew periodical, under the title of *Kohleth Muscar*, i. e. the *Moral Preacher*, containing chiefly inquiries into natural history, essays on the beauties of the creation, &c.

Having now conducted Mendelssohn from poverty to comfort, and shown the triumph of genius and perseverance over all the obstacles that humble birth, religious prejudices, and limited means of education, could interpose; we shall not pursue his history, step by step, to the eminence he ultimately attained, but refer to the work before us, the details of which are truly interesting. One of the most important eras in the life of Mendelssohn, was his acquaintance with Lessing, of whom there is an interesting biographical memoir given, in an appendix to this volume. Lessing and Mendelssohn became fast friends.

A pretty anecdote is related in this memoir of that friendship:—

'Lessing once brought to Mendelssohn a work written by a celebrated character, to hear his opinion on it. Having given it a reading, he told his friend, that he deemed himself a match for the author, and would refute him. Nothing could be more welcome to Lessing, and he strongly encouraged the idea. Accordingly, Mendelssohn sat down and wrote his *Philosophical Dialogues*, on the most abstruse subjects, in which he strictly redeemed his pledge of confuting the author, though, for quietness' sake, he forbore mentioning his name, and carried the manuscript to Lessing for examination. "When I am at leisure," said Lessing, "I will peruse it." After a convenient interval, he repeated his visit, when Lessing kept up a miscellaneous conversation, without once mentioning the manuscript in question; and the other being too bashful to put him in mind of it, he was obliged to depart, no better informed than when he came, which was also the case at several subsequent meetings. At last, however, he mustered sufficient resolution to inquire after it, and still Lessing withheld his opinion. Want of leisure was pleaded as before, but now he would certainly read it; Mr. Mendelssohn might, in the meantime, take yonder small volume home with him, and let him know his thoughts on it. On opening it, Mendelssohn was not a little surprised to behold his own *Dialogues* in print. "Put it into your pocket," said Lessing, good-naturedly, "and this Mammon along with it. It is what I got for the copyright; it will be of service to you."

Lavater was another friend Mendelssohn made, and whom he tried to convert; the latter, however, in an able and manly letter, avowed his attachment to the religion of his forefathers, and disavowed all wish to make converts. Mendelssohn had now become one of the most eloquent writers of the age; some of his works are compared to Tully's *Orations*, and in all there was an originality and a vigour rarely met with: in controversy, he perhaps rarely had an equal. We must now draw to a close. Mendelssohn died on the 4th of January, 1786, at the age of fifty-seven years and four months:—

'Mendelssohn died as he had lived, calm and placid: and took an earthly smile with him into eternity. When his death became known, the whole city of Berlin was a scene of unfeigned sorrow. The citizens of all denominations looked upon the event as a national calamity. The nobility, the court, sent letters of condolence to the widow; Professor Rammeler, amongst several other celebrated poets, wrote a beautiful elegy on his death in alternate stanzas by the Jewish and Christian nations, represented by two mourning females, Sulamith and Eusabia; and the learned of all parts of Europe, where his writings were known, paid him a tribute of their respect by joining the general lamentation.

'Mendelssohn was of a short stature, very thin, and deformed in the back. His complexion was very dark and sallow; hair black and curly; nose rather large and aquiline.

A gentle smile, which, when he was in a good humour, was the only thing that could be seen on his face. There was a benevolence in his countenance, that he would have vaulted over the clouds, bespoken by the angels.

'Intense, but becoming, and so unexcelled in any sensible long as his but when feelings are dreadful and, had which, as a for entire joyment, he earlier snatched from his friends he abstained conceivably which he human being affecting to humoured which him not venture joyment of tive one of could not c sitions, on impunity i further and his former but suffered had they no the sphere probably, longer.

'He was courted so o'clock in nine, when house, and dinner, he again, till a this hour, h at his house found a number anxiously were theologic functioners, old and with whom various topics.

'He possessed a talent of conversation, individual judgment and had been preserved maintained his beginning words, "I What is y &c. In his sight of his 'The gre



A gentle smile constantly played round his mouth, which was always a little open. Nothing could exceed the fire of his eyes; and there was so much kindness, modesty, and benevolence portrayed on his countenance, that he won every heart at first sight. His vaulted brow, and the general cast of his features, bespoke a vast intellect and noble heart.

Intense meditation, to which he had dedicated almost the whole of his life, could not but become injurious to a frame so delicate and so untowardly constructed. Still this excellent man continued his pursuits without any sensible deterioration of his health, so long as his labours were merely speculative; but when Lavater's challenge involved his feelings also, he then suddenly felt the most dreadful consequences of his mode of living; and, had it not been for the fortitude with which, as a truly practical sage, he renounced, for entire years, all physical and mental enjoyment, he would have probably been much earlier snatched away from the world and from his friends. From sensual gratification he abstained firmly to the end. It was inconceivable, that the quantity of food, to which he restricted himself, could sustain a human being; and, at the same time, it was affecting to see him press his guests, good-humouredly, to partake of viands and liquors, which himself, though ever so desirous, durst not venture to taste. But the spiritual enjoyment of reading, and the still more attractive one of composing, he, who was all spirit, could not continue to forego. Short compositions, on which he might have ventured with impunity in his serene hours, enticed him further and further. He began to rake up his former favourite ideas, and, had the world but suffered him to go on in his own way, had they not forced him, once more, out of the sphere of tranquil speculation, he would, probably, have preserved his life several years longer.

He was very fond of company, and never courted solitude, except from four or five o'clock in the morning till about eight or nine, when he adjourned to his counting-house, and remained there till noon. After dinner, he generally attended to business again, till about four in the afternoon. About this hour, his friends and pupils used to meet at his house, and on his return he usually found a numerous assembly in his room, who anxiously awaited his appearance. There were theologians, literati, philosophers, public functionaries, merchants, natives, foreigners, old and young, in promiscuous groups, with whom he conversed till eight o'clock on various topics.

He possessed, in an eminent degree, the talent of conversing with each person on his individual pursuits; and that, with such judgment and technicality, as if the pursuit had been peculiarly his own. He would never maintain any thing positively, but always made his assertions appear like a problem, beginning his remarks, for instance, with the words, "I should think," "It may be said," "What is your opinion?" "Suppose we say," &c. In his discourses, indeed, we never lose sight of his illustrious model, Socrates.

The great Frederic once sent for him, to

come to Potsdam. It happened to be Saturday, on which day Jews are not allowed to ride on horseback or in coaches. Mendelssohn, therefore, entered the royal residence on foot. The officer on duty, a sprig of nobility, who, of course, had never read either Phadon or the Philosophical Letters, being informed that he was a Jew, called Mendelssohn, asked, amidst a volley of swearing and guard-room wit, what could have procured him the honour of being called to the king? The terrified philosopher replied, with the true causticity of Diogenes, "I am a slight-of-hand player." "Oh!" says the lieutenant, "that's another affair," and suffered the juggler Mendelssohn to pass, when he would have examined—who knows how long!—the philosopher Mendelssohn, and perhaps have arrested him in the guard-room; since it is well known that more jugglers than philosophers pass through palace gates.

Comment on a work of this nature is unnecessary. It is a well-written memoir of one of the most extraordinary individuals the world has produced.

*The Oxford Quarterly Magazine, No. 1, March, 1825. 8vo. pp. 248. London. Pickering.*

We are always ready to foster first attempts, if they give the least promise, and trust it will never be said, that we intentionally merited the reproach of Gray,—

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd cave of ocean bears;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

The only return we require for our kindness is, that the authors or editors should merit it; but this, alas! is by no means common. For instance, the other day we spoke favourably of the first number of a Provincial Magazine. Our praise has been bandied about in all the newspapers, and the succeeding numbers of the work have been so much inferior, that we believe it has been abandoned. Well, no matter; we had rather foster an ungrateful editor than participate involuntarily in discouraging a deserving one. With these feelings we took up the first number of the Oxford Quarterly Magazine, a work which displays very considerable talent. Some of the articles are, perhaps, too long, and it may be necessary to render its contents more diversified. The first essay is on Oxford and its studies, and is, as may be expected, a defence of that university and its system of education. Next follow reviews of two works on the education of the clergy, and of Redgauntlet (which is highly praised.) A very interesting tale, under the name of an Italian Legend, comes next; and this is followed by an Oxford Prize Essay on the study of Moral Evidence; and an article on the principles of Biblical Criticism and Translation, which displays much critical acumen. A review of Campbell's poem of Theodric, which, to use a vile pun of our contemporary in a new sense, it was an odd trick of him to publish, is the next article. A dozen times, at least, have we taken up this volume to review it, and laid it down again, fancying, from the

previous celebrity of the author, that there was some latent merit in the poem which we had overlooked. In vain, however, did we search for those beauties which the 'Pleasures of Hope' had taught us to expect from Campbell's pen. The reviewer of Theodric, in the Oxford Quarterly Magazine, is severe, but just. Mr. Campbell has, in fact, frittered away his talents in the New Monthly, as far as poetry goes; but he has an admirable article in the last number, on ancient Greece, which must considerably enhance his reputation as a writer in prose.

One of our public and celebrated schools has lately exhibited a melancholy instance of the encroaching prevalence of pugilism, and we therefore are not much surprised to find that Pierce Egan has a niche in an Oxford Magazine; but in what company Pierce Egan appears, we would defy Scottish second-sight, or even Prince Hohenlohe, to divine. Gentle reader, prepare thyself for surprise, when we state that Pierce Egan has entered the ring with Virgilius Maro! This is really a very clever article. The writer commences by observing, that there are a thousand works which, though possessing as much merit as the finest and most boasted of antiquity, have only the misfortune of not being equally known. A comparison is then instituted between the battle scenes of Virgil and the pugilistic descriptions (converted into verse) of Mr. Egan—of course, decidedly in favour of the latter. From this article we are tempted to make a few extracts:—

'We are not going to boast of having discovered new and original beauties in any antiquated author, or place perhaps some acknowledged excellence in a novel point of view. The gentleman whose genius we are about to celebrate is not one of those who wrap themselves up in philosophical seclusion, and pour out the treasures of their minds like the secret oracles of the ancient gods: he mixes daily in the scenes of ordinary life; and, so far from affecting any superiority to the wants of our common nature, he is perhaps at this moment bibulating a pot of beer in the classical purlieus of the Coal-hole or the Cyder-cellar.

'Yes, Mr. Egan!—Pierce Egan let me call thee, since no one talks of Mr. Shakespeare, or of Mr. Milton; let me hail thee not only as the most graphic of historians, but as the first of poets! As one to whom we are indebted not only for the greatest purity of our old language, but for the absolute invention of a new. Who before thee imagined that the prosaic word neckcloth could be so poetically supplied by the *fogle*? Who could anticipate that what vulgar men denominate a neck has by thee been embalmed to posterity as a *squeeze*?

'In the two passages upon the consideration of which we are about to enter, the classical reader may maintain that our author has copied rather too closely the style and incidents of his Roman rival; but we shall in a very few words reply to this. In any two battles, we are convinced that many circumstances must occur which are not only remarkably similar, but even precisely the same.



Thus we have no doubt that the sacred band died at Charonea in nearly the same way as the Forty-second did at Waterloo: and are we for this reason to imagine that his Grace of Wellington, in his despatches home, became a plagiarist from the Grecian historian? Much less, then, is such a charge to be brought against an author who details real circumstances and things which actually did occur, while his supposed model wrote in a professedly poetical and imaginative manner.

Our readers remember that the fifth book of the *Æneid* of Virgil is occupied with an account of the games instituted by Æneas, to celebrate the anniversary of his father's death. But we hope they will pardon us, if, in order to give the modern a fair chance with the ancient, we have clothed his description in the garb of poetry, so that the hexameters of the Roman may not blind the judgment, to the perhaps chaster beauties of the fancy-man's style. We shall suppose, then, that the boat-race, and all the other shows, are concluded, and that the populace are waiting impatiently for the boxers. Hear how the Roman commences his accounts:—

“Post, ubi confecti cursus, et dona peregit:  
Nunc, si cui virtus animasque in pectore præ-  
sens

Adsit, et evinctis attollit brachia palmis.  
Sic ait, et geminum pugnae proponit honorem:  
Victori velatum auro vittisque juvenum;  
Ensem, atque insignem galeam, solatia victo.”  
*Æn. V. 362.*

“We have always heard it proposed as one of the superiorities of the Latin language over our own, that it could express its ideas in much fewer words. But mark with what graceful ease the same ideas are expressed by the Britons:—

“The races now were ended, and ’twas whisper’d all around,  
That a purse had been collected for a fight upon the ground;  
Ten guineas to the beating cove, a couple to the beat,  
When up arose, intent on blows, the mighty Mr. Neate.”

“We must, however, do the Roman the justice to allow, that in a style almost as gracefully abrupt, he introduces the tremendous Dares, but no one will deny to the modern the praise of a more natural anecdote:—

“Nec mora, continuo vastis cum viribus effert  
Ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit.  
Solus, qui Pariden solitus contendere contra:  
Idemque ad tumulum, quo maximus occubat  
Hector,

Victorem Buten immani corpore, qui se  
Eebryciâ veniens Amyci de gente ferebat,  
Percussit, et fulvâ moribundum extendit arenâ.”  
*Æn. V. 369.*

“It will be perceived, that the two first lines of the Latin have been already equally well expressed by the English historian. And we come now to a comparison of the two episodes, or as it were characteristic remembrances, brought in for the purpose of introducing the champions more particularly to our observation. The mention accordingly of the name of Mr. Neate calls forth this animated recollection of a former achievement:—

“’Twas he, our readers recollect, who once in  
Eistol town,

Just opposite the market, knocked a butting  
heifer down,

And swore, as reeking dead it lay, himself he’d  
ne’er allow

To be cow’d by any bull, or be bullied by a  
cow.

Such was the man, who started up, while all  
were overawed,

To see his arms like ox’s legs, his shoulders  
rough and broad,

And when he buff’d, and shew’d his blow, and  
strength of wind and limb,

The knowing ones thought Cribb himself no  
customer for him.”

“We shall transcribe the account of Dares without offering any remark, as we are convinced that the classical beauty of the comparison of the butcher’s arms to the ox’s legs beats to nothing the empty boasting of the “*humeros latos*,” and the “*caput altum*.”

“*Talis prima Dares caput altum in proelia tollit*

*Ostenditque humeros latos, alternaque jactat  
Brachia protendens, et verberat ictibus auras.*

*Queritur huic alius, nec quisquam ex agmine tanto*

*Audet adire virum manibusque inducere castus,*

*Ergo alacris, cunctosque putans excedere palma,*

*Æneæ stetit ante pedes; nec plura moratus,  
Tum læva taurum cernu tenet, atque ita fatur;*

*Nate dca, si nemo audet se credere pugnae  
Quæ finis standi? quo me decet usque teneri?*

*Ducere dona jube. Cuncti simul ore fremebant  
Dardanidæ, reddique viro promissa jubebant.”*

“Here again are nine long lines taken up in saying what by the modern is said in two.

“We shall proceed to give the modern’s most animated account of the manner in which his champion is incited to accept the bravo’s challenge; and we confess that we cannot help thinking, that the change from the lofty strain of the narrative, to the homely and natural style of the colloquial part, possesses an infinite superiority over the continued *os rotundum* of the Mantuan:—

“No one took up his challenge; so he vapour’d worse and worse,

Kicked up a row, and scraped a bow—then  
begg’d for that ’ere purse.”

“How glowingly superior is this to the pompous parade of Dares holding the cow by the horns, and only waiting the permission of Æneas to drive her away. Now what a picture do the following lines present. The honest face of Cribb, redolent of other rounds

besides those of the prize ring, lightening up with indignation at the blustering style of the Bristol hero; his jaws becoming gradually elongated as he sees the lengthened visages of the fancy assembled round him, and at last a flash of hope glimmering across his countenance as he taps the shoulder of Mr. Spring in a way which would dislocate any ordinary individual’s arm-bone, and adjures him by his past triumphs and his future hopes “to snatch the laurel from the recreant’s brow.” You almost fancy you can hear the deep tones of the veteran, like the low notes of a violoncello, distinctly audible amid the hum and bustle of a crowded stand:—

“Tom Cribb was very near him in the middle  
of the ring,

And turned at last, with rage aghast, and  
back’d up Mr. Spring.

“What, Jack, must that there chaffing cove  
take off the blunt to-day;

Oh what will Randall, Belcher—what will  
Burn and Scroggie say?”

“Say? any thing,” said Mr. Spring, “it’s all the  
same to me;

But e’er that Jack dub up the spack, ’egad we’ll  
have a spree.”

So saying, in indignant heat, up bolted Mr.  
Spring,

And peel’d his togs, and bundled then his  
castor in the ring.”

“What do we find equal to this in the lumbering flow of the hexameters? What are all the arguments of the *spolia illa tuis pendencia tectis* (like pumpkins from the roof of a farmer’s kitchen), compared to the dread of shame and the raillery of his companions, suggested to the honourable Spring by the politic Mr. Cribb? And then how much more heroically does the champion follow his friend’s advice; evidently induced by his insinuations, though he pretends at the same time to despise them!

“Instead, however, of throwing his hat—perhaps the Trojans wore none—into the ring, the ancient combatant Entellus (and here we mean no reflection upon his years, which, by his own account, were girdled on by “*tardante senecta*”) contents himself with casting down his castus. The effect, however, created by both is very much the same:—

“Obstuquere animi: tantorum ingentia septem

*Terga boum plumbo insurto ferroque rigebant.  
Ante omnes stupet ipse Dares longeque recusat*

*Magnanimusque Anchisiades, et pondus, et ipsa*

*Huc illuc vinclorum immensa volumina versat.”*  
*Æn. V. 404.*

“It will be remarked that in the same manner as Virgil takes this opportunity of describing these gauntlets, our modern gives us a description of his hero’s hat. That a strong man should have accoutrements of great weight, is not more remarkable than that a tall man should wear a long surtout; but what can be a circumstance more naturally productive of wonder than that Spring’s beaver was brimmed like a quaker’s?

“This castor was his father’s, and it scarcely fitted him,

As it almost drown’d his face, and was all  
made up of brim;

So broad indeed the ledges spread, that some  
began to judge,

That Spring was of the quaker tribe—but that  
was all a fudge.

The umpires’s self was so amazed, he view’d it  
with a smile,

And swore ‘as how ’twas wery hodd, a wery  
knowing tile.”

But Spring said then, ‘My merry men, I wonder  
what you’d say,

’T ha’ seen ’t upo’ my feyther’s head a driving  
on a dray?”

He vor’d, d’y’e hear, for seven year, and still  
some old stains stop,

To tell a tale of beer and hale—I vish I had a  
drop!”

“The critics labour very often to point out even the most obvious beauties in a composition, and generally their labours are unsuccessful after all. We are told of a country

‘squire, who  
Macduff’s  
dren!” and  
tions of his  
gentleman  
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nobbl’d  
Spring tol  
began to  
The blow  
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is the pro  
“Neate s  
his bod  
And Spring  
he fell



'squire, who could see no peculiar force in Macduff's exclamation, "He has no children!" and replied to the learned explanations of his friend, that he congratulated the gentleman very sincerely, for he himself had thirteen, and really he found them very expensive! And in the present case we are convinced that the man who does not in a moment perceive the classical beauty and moral force of the exclamation, "I wish I had a drop," will never see any thing in it at all.

We shall now hurry on with the modern's very animated account of the combat and its issue, without taking the trouble to transcribe the Roman's description. And at the same time that we of course claim the principal glory to the Briton's labours, we must candidly confess that the Mantuan's are tolerably good. There is a sort of stiffness, however, about the hexameters, which, though it gives perhaps superior dignity to pathos or declamation, seems quite foreign to the easiness of a homebred or natural detail. The measure adopted by the English poet is equally applicable to all sorts of subjects. It can wail and whine over the woes of defeated courage, and shout and triumph in its success: but this is perhaps a superiority more of the language than of the individual; and therefore it is not too great a compliment to say, that had Virgil been born in our times, his words would have been precisely the same as those of Mr. Egan:—

"Round first.—The men, when fairly peeled, seem'd such an equal match,  
That neither liked to be the first in coming to the scratch.

They squared away, made little play, for both fought rather shy,  
As Spring had art, but ne'er in strength with Silver-Mug could vie."

Caius Marcius had the surname of Coriolanus from his capture of Corioli; and Mr. Neate is honoured by his historiographer with an appellation which must recall to him the happiest hour in his existence; that happy hour, when, amid a circle of admiring friends, he returned them his thanks for the honour they did him in presenting him with a silver tankard—a gift which they bestowed upon him, he was sure, more as an encouragement to attempt something greater, than as a reward for any thing he had done:—

"The blows at last fell thick and fast, and claret 'gan to spout,  
The ivories flew, the cheeks grew blue, and nobb'd was either snout.

Spring told his hits by starts and fits, till Neate began to fail,  
The blows fell down on chaps and crown—it sounded like a flail.

Then like an ox he stood the knocks, or warded them in play,  
And planted right and lefters, then—shied and got away."

There is peculiar beauty in the working up of this. The similes begin to thicken as the bard gets more animated. But when his hero, when the mighty Mr. Spring falls, then is the proof of the poet's powers:—

"Neate saw his aim, before it came, and down his body slopes,  
And Spring's own blow, it brought him low—he fell upon the ropes!

He stopp'd, and flopp'd, and dropp'd—all rattle, pat and smack,  
Like skater on the Serpentine, who falls upon his back."

What a comparison is there! In the first place, let us observe the art of the poet in making Spring fall beneath the weight of no blow but his own; and then the image he presents to us of some tall gigantic skater coming suddenly on his back, and the horrified retreat of those near him; the crackling of the ice, and all the other concomitants of that most uncomfortable situation. But behold how vigorously he is described as rousing his strength again:—

"Mr. Spring up springs again; fight, slash, and fire away!

His anger's up—he will not stop—no more, no more delay:

Now right, now left, now here, now there, now everywhere he flies;

Now taps the scone, now tucks the ribs, now pins up both his eyes.

No rest, no spell—like hail, like hail—he bangs him back and breast,

Till Neate falls down, all spent and blown, and woefully oppress'd!"

We hope we have now said enough to convince our readers of the extraordinary merits of Mr. Egan's reports of the prize ring; and, though we take to ourselves the praise of converting his prose into rhyme, what is that compared to the applause due to him? And it is nothing, we hope, derogatory to the high character which we have endeavoured to assume for him for genius and imagination, that those expressions which we have most admired are taken not from any one of his fights, but culled like sweet posies from them all. It was in order to avoid the appearance of parodying any one of his admirable accounts in particular, that we fixed upon an imaginary fight for the subject of our essay; but even in this our argument will hold equally good as in a real one.

After these specimens, none of our readers would thank us for dwelling on the original poetry in this magazine, which is really good, or the Gaelic songs; and who would quit the prize ring and the Fives' Court, for the contest at an university examination! But, jesting apart, there is much that is useful and much that is agreeable in the first number of the Oxford Quarterly Magazine, and we wish it every possible success.

*The Abduction; or, the Adventures of Major Sarney; a Story of the Times of Charles the Second.* 3 vols 8vo. pp. 790. London, 1825. C. Knight.

FROM the title of this work, our readers will, we doubt not, at once fix the scene of the novel in Ireland, where, by the by, abduction is not novel. They will be right, although the tale is by no means confined to Ireland: indeed, it is scattered over all parts of the united kingdom, and includes a greater variety of situations, characters, dialects, and events, than almost any novel we ever met with. We have dialogues in the Irish, Scotch, and English languages, and of course individuals who figure in these volumes as natives of these countries, inde-

pendent of Dutchmen, and we know not how many other foreigners. We have king, lords, and commons, catholic priests, soldiers, provosts, bailies, serving-men, traitors, &c. Then we have battles, murders, and burnings, not forgetting the memorable fire of London itself, a catastrophe sufficient for a dozen novels; and yet all these events and characters are in good keeping, and form a connected and interesting story. It is true we have seen characters more original and description more elegant, but, after all, the 'Abduction' is much superior to the ordinary class of novels, even at the present day.

The time of Charles II. certainly was fertile in events as romantic and extraordinary as fiction could invent, and a novel of sterling interest might be founded on them, without grossly deviating from history; what a glorious chapter the Boscobel Oak would make in the hands of Sir Walter Scott, and with what caustic severity could he treat the giving-up of the first Charles to his enemies. The author of the volume before us is, however, by no means unsuccessful. Some of his characters are extremely well drawn, particularly Major Sarney, the hero of the tale, and Snyes Dordrecht, a Dutch skipper: the portrait of the former (Major Sarney) we subjoin:—

He was of the lowest extraction, his father having been a blacksmith, in a small village in the county of Armagh, in the north of Ireland. This person, as soon as he could escape from the sparks of his father's smithy, signalized himself by enlisting in an infantry regiment, the head-quarters of which were at Belfast; from which, before his drill had been completed, he deserted, preferring the accoutrements of a dragoon in the service of Argyle, to those of a foot soldier in that of Montrose, for whom the infantry had been raised. At his very outset in life, therefore, he was a subaltern in the cause of the covenant; and in all his after-life, slightly as he regarded religion of any kind, he still retained a sprinkling of the predilections he had imbibed for the Presbyterian discipline, at the humble and secluded fire-side of his parents. He afterwards entered the army under Cromwell, where he so much distinguished himself as to attract the notice of that discriminating general, who subsequently raised him to the rank of major, while with the English forces in Ireland. Bold, intriguing, and ambitious, he was able to turn the gospel mania of his fellow-officers to account, and command the confidence of his superiors. His valour was unquestionable; but the circumventing nature of his project; more than his bravery, oftentimes carries him over difficulties that would have proved fatal to a less wary or more open commander.

At an early period of his military career, he had been recommended to the Duke of Buckingham, as a fit instrument for carrying into force some of his meaner intrigues; so, that, before Arthur Sarney had climbed beyond the rank of a parliamentary army ensign, he had shown considerable talent as an officer in the espionage department of that nobleman. Indeed, never minister or states-



man employed a more accomplished envoy, or one of better address, in the line of character he required. With a puritan preacher, no one knew better how to succeed. A fifth-monarchy man he could wind round his finger. He could encompass an outlawed or unindulged presbyterian pastor in the snares of argument, and fight him single-handed upon any text of scripture he chose to name, to his heart's content. He was brimful of the cant and conventicle slang of the times; and, from the scraps of bible lore in his father's kitchen, he had borne away such a sample as materially conduced to elevate his subsequent fortune. With the high-churchman he was equally qualified to wrestle; and he has not unfrequently sharpened the despondency of an expelled vicar, over a stoop of canary. In the same way has he rung changes with a reduced loyalist, grateful since the pension-list had been erased; and bandied about an oath and a tankard with some poor cavalier, necessitated to drink "d—n Cromwell," in brown beer instead of brandy. At a "love-feast," or a "housing bout," Arthur had been equally distinguished; and, when his object was to gain intelligence, or to trepan a barmaid for his noble patron, he did not hesitate to become the orator of the vilest rabble, and shine in scenes of the lowest dissipation.

This man, 'fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil,' headed an insurrection in Ireland, and in Scotland was sent to convert the covenanters into episcopalians, with *steel lozenges*.—It is, however, by no means our intention to forestall our readers by giving a detail of the story of this novel, as they will find more pleasure in its developing itself as they proceed. We have already mentioned its diversified character; and we may add, that the author appears most happy in his Irish and Scotch scenes, although the awful conflagration of London, in 1666, is very well described. The account of the covenanters, and the portrait of Gideon Zooncloots, are drawn with a masterly hand. The 'taking of the covenant,' when the persecuted presbyterians had been goaded beyond endurance, is well described. They had assembled to the number of fifteen hundred, and wished to confirm each other in the spirit of resistance by a religious ordinance.

'At first they marched to Dumfries, and issued a declaration expressive of their loyalty to the king; but assigning as a reason for their appearing in a hostile attitude, their attachment to the presbyterian religion, their hatred of bishops, and the unmerited persecution they had endured in adhering to the ancient forms and ordinances of the Scottish kirk.

'No concession being made them by the English government, they retired into their fastnesses in Galloway and Ayrshire, acquiring strength in their progress, observing the strictest discipline, and even offering no molestation to any of the deans or curates in the towns or villages through which they passed.

'But, as they understood that, instead of concession, the government were resolved to try the effects of Dalzel's regimen upon them

in the first instance, a course of practice, by the by, which all governments are in the habit of following with refractory subjects, because it consisteth not with the dignity of kings to cry "Mercy" before they are beaten, or before that portentous crisis when treason threatens to change sides;—being apprized of this determination on the part of Charles, and learning moreover that Dalzel was actually on his march to Aire, with about six hundred horse and two thousand foot, they became exasperated in the extreme; and, so far from dreading the superior strength and the "king's name," which Crookback in the play says is a "tower of strength," quoting, as we opine, some adage of holy writ, all which was on the side of their enemy, they made a precipitate march to Lanerick, and on a sabbath-day, in full armour, they solemnly swore to maintain the articles of the covenant inviolate, against all opposition from within or from without, and never to lay down their trusty swords, till they should restore the supremacy and independence of the true presbyterian kirk of Scotland.

'The royal burgh of Lanerick, darkly pulverized as its soil had been with the lambent ashes of the martyrs, never saw such a day. Many times, in sooth, had her ancient spire been illumined with the funeral piles of justice, on which hags profane, the earthly ambassadors of Satan, suffered amid popular acclamations, for the sins of witchcraft: but the most splendid and popular of these fiery inhumations were exceeded in awful grandeur on this occasion. Ay! many a pious burgess and deacon, not more than verging upon the teens of sinility, could attest what their grandfathers and great-grandmothers had told them they had seen of the glories of by-past times, and how multitudes, thirsting after knowledge, came pouring from the four winds of heaven to hear the oracles expounded by the famous Knox himself. But these solemn assemblies—even these appeals of the great reformer to living masses of converts from popery, bore with them no awe equal to this—no thrilling sympathy over wrongs long endured, but now crying out to Heaven for redress, as was excited by Glorified Zooncloots and his reverend associates on this occasion.

'It was a cloudy and sultry day, towards the end of harvest. Early in the morning the roads leading to the venerable churchyard of this ancient burgh were thronged with multitudes of all ages, arrayed in their best attire, and wearing the demure and serious air which the sanctity of the Lord's day, and the solemnity of the service in which they were about to join, called upon them to assume. In all directions groups were seen climbing the steep winding path by which the town was approached by the bridge from the northward. The ascent in the distance appeared like a variegated flower-plot; the purple, russet, and silver-grey linsey-woolsey gown of the matron—the crimson and blue, the claret and lilac-coloured kirtles of the damosels—the hoods of all shades of the former, and the silken snoods of every hue of the latter, interspersed with

the grey coats and blue bonnets of the men and the boys, gave a peculiar and picturesque effect to the natural beauty of the landscape. Over all, the town itself towered high in the welkin; while the low mournful murmur of the Clyde, sweeping its transparent waters through the deep dell, and roaring in white foam over its hundred falls in its progress, seemed a hymn of praise poured out by nature to her eternal Author. What distinguished the meeting from ordinary assemblies of presbyterians at divine service, were the numbers of armed men, who lined the precincts of the churchyard. The sword and belt, the musket, and carbine, and the holster-pistol; the leathern vallis appendaged to the back, or forming a seat for its owner; the horses drawn up behind the dry stone wall, accoutred for the field, had rather a warlike appearance beside the bible, the pulpit-tent, and the solemn visages of the preachers and hearers.

'The services of the day commenced in the usual form, by one of the ministers' reading the psalm which was to be sung, which had a remarkable affinity to the state of the times, the acerbity of public feeling, and the object of their meeting. The book of psalms is fraught with delineations of human life, and none knew better than the Scottish covenanters the value and importance of a well-timed application of the text. We quote the psalm used on the occasion, by premising that the singers considered the king as the prime source of all their sufferings, and they accordingly applied the denunciations of the royal poet to him whom they considered a perjured and an apostate monarch. Perhaps in the whole range of scripture exclamation there is nothing to equal the following stanzas:

'Few be his days, and in his room  
His charge another take;  
His children let be fatherless,  
His wife a widow make.  
His children let be vagabonds,  
And beg continually;  
And from their places desolate,  
Seek bread for a supply.

Let covetous extortioners  
Catch all he hath away;  
Of all for which he laboured bath  
Let strangers make a prey.  
Let there be none to pity him,  
Let there be none at all  
That on his children fatherless  
Will let his mercy fall.

Let his posterity from earth  
Cut off for ever be,  
And in the following age their name  
Be blotted out by thee.  
Let God his father's wickedness  
Upon his head to fall,  
And never let his mother's sin  
Be blotted out at all.

But let them all before the Lord  
Appear continually,  
That he may wholly from the earth  
Cut off their memory.  
Because he mercy minded not,  
But persecuted still  
The poor and needy, that he might  
The broken-hearted kill.

'One preacher succeeded another, and the theme of the discourse of all was the per-

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secution which they had suffered in the cause of religion. The last who addressed the multitude was the expelled pastor of Cairn-rymple. His dark haggard aspect wore that day a more wild and impassionate appearance. He seemed as one lost in the commotions of his own bosom, and insensible to everything around him. As if enveloped in a trance, he looked as if he held no communication with the earth but to denounce it as the abode of sin and wretchedness; where the arrow flieth by day, and the pestilence walketh by night; and where blood alone could expiate the crimes, the wrongs, the oppressions, and the slaughterings, with which prelacy had stained it.

His text was taken from his favourite prophet, Jeremiah—

“Woe! be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture, saith the Lord.”

He expatiated on the sufferings of his presbyterian brethren, and on the desolation with which Scotland had been visited since the restoration of the king; on the insulting domination of bishops, whom, he said, the people abhorred, and the oppressions which had driven the faithful to the hills and morasses for the sake of the gospel. “Ah! my friends,” said he, in conclusion, “our wrongs can be borne nae langer; the day of Sion’s redemption is at last at hand; the captivity of Babylon will soon be at an end. The Lord hath girded on your swords wi’ his ain uplifted arm, and in the words o’ my text, ‘woe be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep.’—Woe be unto the prelates—to the wolves that prey on the green pastures o’ Scotland! The time is at last come when we will avenge the blood that hath been shed—when the souls of the nearest and dearest of our kindred, wha were slain before our een, will sing the song of triumph over our success. But think na,” he continued, “my dear friends, when ye have ta’en up arms in the cause o’ the gospel, that you are to lay them down before the vineyard be weeded, or till the ark of the covenant be borne out o’ the wilderness. The strife, my brethren, an’ the warfare, may be long and arduous, as was that o’ Elijah the prophet with the cruel Jezebel, or that o’ the good Obadiah with the wicked Ahab; but trust in Him, and ye shall prevail at last. Ay, my dear brethren, though the fires be extinguished in our cottages—though the crow flees ower the ruined wa’s, whare ance the morning and the evening hymn rang to the praise o’ the Creator—though the wild glen be our tabernacle, the barren moor our home—the flo’ moos and the beather our sacramental table, and the sword alone our protection frae utter destruction, still I see a day when our hames will be mair sacred, and when our altars and our priests will be restored to us again; when Sathan will be humbled in the dust, and our proud enemies convinced that *richt* will triumph over *micht*. I see it, my friends—the day is at hand!”

After the service of the day was concluded, the articles of the covenant were read aloud, and the male part of the audience were solemnly invoked by the minister, to adhere to

and maintain them against all opposition. At each clause, the preacher called upon his hearers to give their assent and sanction to the instrument, by holding up their right hands. Every arm was stretched towards the firmament; and when, in a solemn sonorous voice, he ejaculated, “*May God enable us to fulfil this covenant*,”—“Amen! amen!” responded from every lip. With the last exclamation, an awful peal of thunder rolled through the heavens. The forked lightning, in the still gloom of the afternoon, flashed among the trees and the gothic arches of the church, and peal upon peal appalled every breast with dread, as the vast multitude dispersed from the scene of devotion. The sky that had been lowering through the day, thus divested of its combustibles, poured forth torrents of rain, which, in an instant, drenched the throng, all the while exposed in the fields.

This finale to the “Taking of the Covenant,” as it was called, was considered by the ministers and ruling elders, and by most of the brethren, as a happy presage of the favour of the Almighty, and demonstrated the ratification of their vows above, in the same way as was manifested on Mount Sinai, at the deliverance of the ten tables to Moses. But Deacon Peerie, a satirical wag, who lived in those days, and who was always suspected of having a warm side to the prelacy of the government, used to say, that when the godly boasted so much of the favour which the thunder and lightning had done them, “they ne’er spak ae word,” quoth the deacon, “o’ the guid drouking the maist o’ them got afterwards.”

These extracts will be sufficient to show the talents of the author of *Abduction*; who, if we are not much mistaken, will have an honourable station among the novelists of the present day.

*Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht.* 4to. pp. 571. London, 1824. Murray.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the author of the volume before us, is certainly an author among lords, but as certainly he will never be a lord among authors. He is, however, an ornament to the peerage, and, in particular, to the house of Russell, which is more distinguished for its patriotism than its talents. Lord John is one of those ‘at all in the ring’ sort of authors, who, though clever, cannot expect to attain the first rank in literature, while they do not keep their eye on some particular pursuit. He has written a tragedy, an Essay on the English Constitution, and the volume before us, all within the last two years. Hume, simple soul! could only make about three modern octavos out of the history of about eighteen centuries—thanks to the modern discovery of amplification, Lord John Russell has formed a bulky quarto out of about ten years’ history. Were the example to be followed, and we are threatened that it will by the noble author, a history of Europe, on the same scale, from the birth of Christ to the present day, would be comprised in 182 quarto volumes of 571 pages each, or in the whole, somewhat more than one hundred thousand quarto pages.

Lord John Russell is certainly an agreeable writer, and, if he occasionally disturbs the gravity of history by amusing anecdotes, he relieves its tedium. That he takes a Whiggish view of the subject cannot be denied, but we do not believe he has omitted or discoloured any important fact, and this circumstance alone is a strong, perhaps the highest, recommendation of him, as an historian.

The work is, after all, somewhat misnamed; for it is rather a history of France in the reign of Louis XIV. and its influence on Europe, than what it professes to be. We will not, however, quarrel with the author on this account, for his volume is really instructive and interesting, and we have seldom seen the dry and barren facts of history so enriched and enlivened with anecdote. We shall quote one or two extracts, to show the author’s style and manner. The first relates to chivalry. Alluding to the mixed nature of our ancient laws, the author says—

“Much of this strange mixture of ferocious cruelty with refined gallantry is undoubtedly to be attributed to the intercourse of the Christians with the Moors and the Arabs; in the wars of Spain and the Crusades were learnt those refinements with which an eastern imagination had adorned the exercise of brute force and animal courage. But, be its origin what it might, the spirit of chivalry produced a system of manners totally distinct from the government, and forming as it were a separate code, which the laws of the state had not created, and could not suppress. The member of an ancient state could hear himself grossly abused by his fellow-citizen, without any obligation to retaliate, otherwise than by words; the noble or knight of Germany or France was compelled either to draw his sword against his accuser, or to lose his character in society. No form of law, no species of tribunal, could dispense with the necessity of revenge: and from the Bay of Naples to the Mountains of Inverness, he who had been wronged by word or deed thought himself bound to seek satisfaction in the blood of his adversary. In Italy and in Scotland, the death of the aggressor procured by any means was considered a lawful atonement; and so far was this principle extended, that not many years have elapsed since a judge was slain at Edinburgh by the party against whom he had pronounced a legal decision. In other parts of Europe, the practice of single combat was usual, honourable—nay, almost indispensable; and there can be no better proof of the supremacy of opinion over law, than the fact that Louis the XIVth, who affixed the most severe penalties to the offence of fighting a duel, would allow no man in his own regiment to refuse a challenge.”

The next extract is an anecdote of Louis XIV.:

“— It must be confessed, that Louis was pursued by flattery in a manner that it was difficult for any man to resist, and which affords much excuse for his faults of every description. One or two of the most extraordinary effects of the common and general spirit may be worth relating. In 1666,



La Feuillade, a private gentleman, hearing that St. Aunay, a person who had left the kingdom from discontent, had written a letter, and afterwards adopted a devise, disparaging to the King of France, went to Madrid and sent him a challenge: upon which St. Aunay made an apology for his conduct. This gallantry of adulation being found extremely acceptable, the same person erected a statue to Louis on the Place des Victoires. The statue was inaugurated, or rather consecrated, with music and genuflections: La Feuillade went three times round it, at the head of the regiment of guards, making the same prostrations that were made by the Romans before their deified emperors: the event was celebrated by illuminations; the inscription placed on the base was, "Viro immortalis;" and the author of this pompous flattery intended to have kept a lamp burning there by day as well as by night. The lamp, however, was ordered not to be lighted in the day time, and an image of the Virgin veiled in some degree the gross idolatry of the original intention. After the defeat of the Marshal Créquy in 1675, the same La Feuillade came post to Versailles, where he went directly to the king, and said, "Sire, some make their wives come to them to the army; others come to see them; for my part, I come to see your Majesty for an hour, and thank you a thousand and a thousand times; I shall see no one but your Majesty, for to your Majesty I owe every thing." He talked for some time, and then said, "Sire, I am now going; I beg you to make my compliments to the queen, to the dauphin, and to my wife and children." He then set off on his return to the army, and left the king much pleased with his adroit flattery.

Of the morality of the court of Louis XIV. the following will suffice as specimens:—

'A gentleman well known at court, of the name of Villarcieux, when speaking to the king of another subject, took occasion to say, that there were persons who told his niece (Madame de Grancé) that his majesty had designs upon her; that, if it were so, he begged him to make use of him; that the affair would be safe in his hands, and he would answer for success. The king laughed, and turned it off with a joke. In these days any conduct was tolerated in society. Every one knows that the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, who was never married, lived for several years with Villarcieux at his house; that she had many children by different lovers, and that the paternity of one of these being disputed between two gentlemen, was decided by throwing lots. There is nothing singular in this career; what is extraordinary is, that Ninon de l'Enclos was the bosom friend of Madame de Maintenon, and the admiration of all Paris.'

The next is related of Madame de Longueville:—

'This celebrated woman had been in early life any thing but over scrupulous, as the histories of the time relate. Being once in Normandy with her husband, those about her saw that she was overcome with ennui: they proposed to her a hunting-party: "No, I do not like hunting." Work? "No, I do not

like work." Walking, or play? "No, I do not like either." Then what would you have? "What can I say? I do not like innocent pleasures."

Such is the agreeable way in which Lord John Russel writes history.

*Considerations on the Expediency of Sinking Capital in Railways.* By JOHN VALLANCE. 8vo. pp. 112. London, 1825. Wightman.

WHEN Canute bade the ocean approach no farther, and declared that its proud waves should be stayed, it was thought, as indeed it proved, an idle threat. Eight centuries, however, have made strange alterations in the world, and it is not so easy to limit the power of man over the elements. We now 'saw the air' in balloons, dive down to the depths of the sea, and despoil the ocean of its treasures; and we glide along her surface in defiance of wind and tide. A century ago, such discoveries would have insured the man who hinted at their possibility a certain refuge in a lunatic asylum; but who would now think of putting a strait waistcoat on any scientific dreamer, after Professor Guithuisen has seen m. r. tello towers and methodist chapels in the moon? We deem these remarks necessary, as a prelude to our notice of Mr. Vallance's work, lest some of our readers might think that 'much learning' had had the same effect on him that Felix supposed it had on Saul, alias Paul, that is,—made him mad.

Without, however, denying the consequence, we do most positively assert, that it has not resulted from the cause so happily imagined by Felix. Passing over the first thirty-nine pages of Mr. Vallance's work on railways, to which he seems somewhat averse, though without any new or even satisfactory reason, we come to his favourite hobby—his plan of plans—his scheme of schemes—and his project of projects—namely, an essay 'on the facility of intercourse.' We thought that the author had been visited with a lucid interval, when he adopted for his epigraph, 'though this be madness;' but, when we heard him add, 'yet there's method in it,' we involuntarily thought of Doctors Willis and Munro.

The preposterous experiments of our alchymists laid the foundation of chemistry; and it would be illiberal, as well as unjust, to suppose that even the reveries of Mr. Vallance may prove unavailing as to their results. After asserting that all the known modes of conveyance are deficient, either as to certainty, speed, or capability, and after showing that even railways are deficient, inasmuch as they are 'liable to the obstruction arising from deep snows,' Mr. Vallance proceeds to his own plan, which is certainly unique. It will neither be obstructed by wind nor tide: the frost which locks up the canal, and the snow which chokes up the road, will have no influence on this new and singular mode of intercourse;—and then, as to its rapidity, why the flights of an eagle, or the speed of a race-horse, are nothing to it.

Mr. Vallance, observing how cleverly the gas is propelled along three hundred miles

of cast-iron pipe in the streets of London, means to apply the principle to the conveyance of goods and passengers:—

'It can be conceived, that the gas-pipes in London might have been laid in one continuous line, reaching, we will suppose, from the metropolis to Falmouth. It can also be conceived that pumps, such as have been referred to, could be arranged at the latter place to exhaust air from this line of pipe, and cause a current through it. Supposing this to be done, and that there were any very light body, such as a bladder, or rather a hollow copper ball, which nearly filled its bore, in the pipe, would not this ball be driven toward Falmouth, at a rate proportioned to the velocity with which the pumps exhausted the air from the pipe? And as it is well known that, by operating on this principle in the proper manner, air may be caused to move with a velocity so great that it may be prudent not to particularize it, have we not a principle of motion held out to us, which, though it might not be one-tenth of the almost inconceivable velocity adverted to for the purpose of illustration, it may yet be possible to elaborate into means of intercourse rapid to a degree of which we have hitherto had no instance.'

'Suppose a line of large pipes, or cylinders, such as have been adverted to, were laid down and connected (though differently to the manner in which the joints of water and gas-pipes are made, to guard against contraction and expansion), it may be conceived that a channel (a rail-way in effect), on which a vehicle might run, could be fixed on the inside of them. As these cylinders would be large enough for a waggon to go in, it may also be conceived that a vehicle, of a description capable of moving on this rail-way, might be arranged. It may, in addition, be conceived that, instead of being like a coach, the body of this vehicle might be so shaped as to fit, and nearly to fill the cylinder; while the inside should give ample room for persons to sit; and the outside actually touched the cylinder in no part but where the wheel ran on the rail-way. As these things may be conceived, it will not be denied that a vehicle to move inside this cylinder might be so constructed and arranged, as to run equally light with a carriage on a railway.'

On this principle Mr. Vallance proposes cylinders to be constructed all over the country, where rapid and uninterrupted intercourse is desirable; but, although he has no doubt of the practicability of his plan, yet he hesitates to say of what it is capable. We are sure he believes that, when it is once adopted, the inhabitants of Edinburgh will send their servants to Covent Garden market every day, for fruit and vegetables; while the Londoners will go to see the view of Holyrood Chapel at the Diorama in the morning, and visit the actual ruins in the afternoon in order to prove the correctness of the picture. This plan, with its other excellences, combines the rapidity of communication of the telegraph:—

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as it arrives. How this will be done, cannot be explained here; but in the proper place it will be shown, that a method of communication, independent of itself, will exist between the ends of the cylinder: that this method will be instantaneous: and that those who direct operations at either end can inform their fellows at the other of any circumstance it may be necessary to communicate: such as, that they want the exhausting apparatus stopped—that they want it set going again—that an extra vehicle is about to be sent off—that the night's load of goods will be a very heavy, or very light one, &c. &c. This method of instantaneous transmission will be seen to be equally efficient by night as by day. A description of it may be had at the publisher's of this treatise.

Only think of the interesting colloquy the London book-keeper may hold with his friend Saunders, at the other end of the pipe in Edinburgh! and, after the compliments of the day, their detailing to each other the nature and quantity of the live and dead stock that was forthwith to be transferred from the modern Athens to Babylon the Great. But Mr. Vallance does not wish his readers to take his plan on trust—the gas-pipes prove what may be done by air; but he gives a stronger proof. Some years ago, the proprietor of an iron-work in Wales erected an additional furnace at a distance of (Mr. Vallance thinks) three quarters of a mile from his old one:—

'The blast apparatus of these old works being large enough to supply this new furnace in addition to the old ones, he conceived it would prove much cheaper, if, instead of having power and blast cylinders erected at the new work, he were to lay a pipe from the old ones, to convey to the new one the superfluous blast. This he accordingly did; and, as soon as the pipe was completed, set the apparatus going to ascertain the strength of the blast he could thus apply to the new furnace. To his great surprise, however, no blast was produced; a gentle current, which would not blow a candle out, being all that was perceptible. For a result so adverse to his expectations, he could account in no way, but by supposing that, from accident or design, the pipe was stopped up. As the readiest way to ascertain whether it was so, he put a cat in at one end, and blocked it up, leaving her to find her way to the other.

'The pipe, though large enough to allow her to move forward, not admitting of her turning round, puss had no alternative but that of seeking an exit at the other end; this she accordingly did, and, contrary to his expectations, soon made her appearance.'

They must be pretty considerable sceptical, we guess, as Jonathan says, that doubt the success of Mr. Vallance's plan after this illustration of it. We, therefore, advise him to throw away his diffidence, and, before a single railroad bill passes either house of Parliament, let him issue a prospectus for establishing a Patent Cylinder Company, to supersede all canals, boats, waggons, vans, coaches, and horses, in the intercourse of one part of the island with another. No matter the amount of capital required, for, in this speculating age, it would soon be forthcom-

ing. Canal and coach proprietors, extortionate tavern-keepers, wagoners, and coachmen, might, perhaps, petition against it; but they must be sacrificed for the general good, and give way to a greater bore than themselves.

*Segur's History of the Expedition to Russia, undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon.*

(Continued from p. 183.)

IN our notice of this work, in our last, we did not penetrate far, but are much mistaken if our readers will not thank us for resuming the subject. When Napoleon commenced the gigantic campaign of 1812, he was at the head of four hundred thousand foot and eighty thousand horse. Arrived at the Niemen, he mounted his horse at two o'clock at the morning:—

'He reconnoitred the Russian river, without disguising himself, as has been falsely asserted, and under cover of the night crossed this boundary, which five months afterwards he was only able to repass under cover of the same obscurity. When he came up to the bank, his horse suddenly stumbled, and threw him on the sand. A voice exclaimed, "This is a bad omen; a Roman would recoil!" It is not known whether it was himself, or one of his retinue, who pronounced these words.'

The French soldiers were full of enthusiasm:—

'So great was their ardour, that two divisions of the advanced guard, in disputing for the honour of being the first to pass the Niemen, were near coming to blows; and some exertions were necessary to restore order. Napoleon hastened to plant his foot on the Russian territory. He took this first step towards his ruin without hesitation. At first he stationed himself near the bridge, encouraging the soldiers with his looks. The latter all saluted him with their accustomed acclamations. They appeared, indeed, more animated than he; whether it was that he felt oppressed by the weight of so great an aggression, or that his enfeebled frame could not support the effect of the excessive heat, or that he was already intimidated by finding nothing to conquer.

'At length, his natural impatience returned. He suddenly dashed into the country, and penetrated the forest which girt the sides of the river. He set spurs to his horse: he appeared on fire to come in contact with the enemy alone. He rode more than a league in the same direction, surrounded throughout by the same solitude; upon which he found it necessary to return in the vicinity of the bridges, whence he re-descended the river with his guard towards Kowno.'

'At Kowno, Napoleon was exasperated against the Vilia, the bridge over which the Cossacks had broken down, and which opposed the passage of Oudinot. He affected to despise it, like everything else that opposed him, and ordered a squadron of the Polish guard to swim the river. These picked men obeyed the order without hesitation. At first, they proceeded in good order, and when out of their depths redoubled their exertions. They soon reached the mid-

dle of the river by swimming. But there the rapidity of the current broke their order. Their horses there became frightened, quitted their ranks, and were carried away by the violence of the waves. They no longer swam, but floated about in scattered groups. Their riders struggled in vain; at length their strength gave way, and they resigned themselves to their fate. Their destruction was certain; but it was for their country: it was in her presence, and for the sake of their deliverers, that they devoted themselves; and even when on the point of being engulfed for ever, they suspended their unavailing struggles, turned their faces toward Napoleon, and exclaimed "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Three of them were especially remarked, who, with their heads still above the billows, repeated this cry and perished instantly. The army was struck with mingled horror and admiration.'

'But Murat was the individual whose incitements were most frequent and animated. Tired of repose, and insatiable of glory, that monarch, who considered the enemy to be within his grasp, was unable to repress his emotion. He quitted the advance-guard, went to Witepsk, and, in a private interview with the emperor, gave way to his impetuosity. He accused the Russian army of cowardice; according to him, it had failed in the rendezvous before Witepsk, as if it had been an affair of a duel. It was a panic-struck army, which his light cavalry alone was sufficient to put to flight. This ebullition extorted a smile from Napoleon; but, in order to moderate his fervour, he said to him: "Murat! the first campaign in Russia is finished; let us here plant our eagles. Two great rivers mark out our position; let us raise block-houses on that line; let our fires cross each other on all sides. Let us form in square battalion; cannons at the angles and the exterior: let the interior contain our quarters and our magazines: 1813 will see us at Moscow—1814 at Petersburg. The Russian war is a war of three years!"

'It was thus that his genius conceived every thing in masses, and his eye expatiated over an army of four hundred thousand men as if it were a regiment.'

On Napoleon's birth-day—

'Murat and Ney, however, in reporting their success to the emperor, paid homage to that anniversary. They caused a salute of one hundred guns to be fired. The emperor remarked, with displeasure, that in Russia it was necessary to be more sparing of French powder; he was answered that it was Russian powder taken the preceding day. The idea of hearing his birth-day celebrated at the expense of the enemy drew a smile from Napoleon. It was admitted that this very rare species of flattery became such men.'

It appears that there was a want of cordiality between the two principal commanders of the Russian army. Barclay, a cool, calculating, and skilful officer, was against fighting, but by retreating to draw the enemy further from his resources. Bagration, on the other hand, was an old general of the school of Survanof, who trembled with shame at the idea of retreating without fighting. Nor



were the French generals unanimous, for, when the army had arrived on the Dneiper, and the Russians still avoided battle, Murat wished Napoleon to advance no farther, and threw himself on his knees to entreat he would not march to Moscow. Some useless attacks were made on Smolensk, which cost the French five or six thousand men, when possession of the town was unexpectedly gained:—

'Night came on—Napoleon retired to his tent, which had been placed more prudently than the day before; and the Count de Lobau, who had made himself master of the ditch, but could no longer maintain his ground there, ordered shells to be thrown into the city to dislodge the enemy. Thick black columns of smoke were presently seen rising from several points; these were soon lighted at intervals by flickering flashes, then by sparks, and at last long spires of flame burst from all parts. It was like a great number of distinct fires. It was not long before they united and formed but one vast blaze, which, whirling about as it rose, covered Smolensk, and entirely consumed it with a dismal roaring.

'Count de Lobau was dismayed by so great a disaster, which he believed to be his work. The emperor, seated before his tent, contemplated in silence this awful light. It was as yet impossible to ascertain either the cause or the result, and the night was passed under arms.

'About three in the morning, one of Davoust's subalterns ventured to the foot of the wall, which he scaled without noise. Emboldened by the silence which reigned around him, he penetrated into the city; all at once several voices and the Slavonian accent were heard, and the Frenchman, surprised and surrounded, thought that he had nothing to do but to sell his life dearly, or surrender. The first rays of the dawn, however, showed him, in those whom he mistook for enemies, some of Poniatowski's Poles. They were the first to enter the city, which Barclay had just evacuated.'

Climate, sickness, want of provisions, and fatigue, rapidly thinned the French armies. The surgeons at Wilna tore up their own shirts for lint for the wounded soldiers, where the hospitals, which held six thousand, were insufficient:—

'At Smolensk, there was no want of hospitals; fifteen spacious brick buildings were rescued from the flames: there were even found some wine, brandy, a few medical stores; and our reserve-waggons for the wounded at length rejoined us: but every thing ran short. The surgeons were at work night and day, but the very second night, all the materials for dressing the wounded were exhausted: there was no more linen, and they were forced to use paper, found in the archives, in its stead. Parchment served for splinters, and coarse cloth for compresses: and they had no other substitute for lint than tow and birch down (*coton du bouleau*).

'Our surgeons were overwhelmed with dismay: for three days an hospital of a hundred wounded had been forgotten; an accident led to this discovery: Rapp pene-

trated into that abode of despair. I will spare my reader the horror of a description. Wherefore communicate those terrible impressions which harrow up the soul? Rapp did not spare them to Napoleon, who caused his own wine, and several pieces of gold, to be distributed among such of those unfortunate men as a tenacious life still animated, or whom a disgusting food had supported.'

Although there had been several engagements, and great havoc of men on both sides, yet up to this time there had been no general engagement; the Russians became impatient of the prudent policy of Barclay, and, like Young Norval, longed for battle. Barclay was therefore removed from the command, which was given to Kutusof; the former general showed his patriotism by voluntarily serving under the man who had superseded him, and thus obeying with the same zeal as he had commanded.

The French were equally impatient of a battle, and all were soon gratified with it. On the 6th of September the armies were in sight of each other on the plains of Borodino; they were nearly equal there, being about one hundred and twenty thousand men and six hundred pieces of cannon on each side. Napoleon addressed his army in the following terms:—

"Soldiers," said he, "here is the battle which you have so ardently desired. The victory will now depend upon yourselves; it is needful for us; it will give us abundance, good winter-quarters, and a speedy return home! Behave as you did at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Witepsk, and at Smolensk, and afford to remotest posterity occasion to cite your conduct on that day: let it be said of you, 'He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'"

'About the middle of the day, Napoleon remarked an extraordinary movement in the enemy's camp; in fact the whole Russian army was drawn up and under arms, and Kutusof, surrounded with every species of religious and military pomp, took his station in the middle of it. He had made his popes and his archimandrites dress themselves in those splendid and majestic insignia which they have inherited from the Greeks. They marched before him, carrying the venerated symbols of their religion, and particularly that divine image, formerly the protectress of Smolensk, which, by their account, had been miraculously saved from the profanation of the sacrilegious French.'

Comte de Segur gives a very circumstantial account of the battle of Borodino. It appears that Napoleon was enfeebled by sickness, and his usual vigour had almost forsaken him. It was during this action, that Belliard, after an interview with Napoleon, made his situation known.

'Belliard, in consternation, returned to the king of Naples, and informed him of the impossibility of moving the emperor; he said, "he had found him still seated in the same place, with a suffering and dejected air, his features sunk, and a dull look; giving his orders languishingly, in the midst of these dreadful warlike noises, to which he seemed completely a stranger!" At this account, Ney,

furiously, and hurried away by his ardent and unmeasured character, exclaimed, "Are they then come so far, to be satisfied with a field of battle? What business has the emperor in the rear of the army? There he is only within reach of reverse and not of victory. Since he will no longer make war himself, since he is no longer the general, as he wishes to be the emperor everywhere, let him return to the Tuilleries, and leave us to be generals for him!"'

We have no room for the details of this destructive engagement, but shall quote a few traits of character in this and preceding combats. On one occasion—

'Murat had gone on a few leagues before. Ever since the arrival of Kutusof, troops of Cossacks had been incessantly hovering about the heads of our columns. Murat was exasperated at seeing his cavalry forced to deploy against so feeble an obstacle. We are assured that, on that day, from one of those first impulses worthy of the ages of chivalry, he dashed suddenly and alone towards their line, stopped short a few paces from them, and there, sword in hand, made a sign for them to retire, with an air and gesture so commanding, that these barbarians obeyed and fell back in amazement.'

During the battle of Borodino—

'The soldiers at Friand, drew up in front of Semenowska, repelled the first charges, but, when they were assailed with a shower of balls and grape-shot, they began to give way; one of their leaders got tired, and gave orders to retreat. At that critical moment, Murat ran up to him, and, seizing him by the collar, exclaimed, "What are you about?" The colonel, pointing to the ground, covered with half his troops, answered, "You see well enough that it is impossible to stand here."—"Very well, I will remain!" exclaimed the king. These words stopped the officer: he looked Murat steadily in the face, and turning round, coolly said, "You are right! Soldiers, face to the enemy! Let us go and be killed!"'

In the same battle—

'It was that Fabvier, the aide-de-camp of Marmont, who had arrived but the day before from the heart of Spain, made himself conspicuous; he went as a volunteer, and on foot, at the head of the most advanced sharpshooters, as if he had come there to represent the army of Spain, in the midst of the great army; and, inspired with that rivalry of glory which makes heroes, wished to exhibit it at the head, and the first in every danger.

'He fell wounded in that too famous redoubt; for the triumph was short-lived; the attack wanted concert, either from precipitation in the first assailant, or too great slowness in those who followed.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

## ORIGINAL.

THE BAY OF DUBLIN.

THIS day was most delightful! Such a sky, such an air, such firm dry walking, is not often to be met with in this country; and, accordingly, always anxious to 'make hay

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while the sun shines,' after taking a mutton chop and two cups of Souchong for my breakfast. I put on my easy shoes, and set off, not for the noisy bustling street, nor the crowded highway, nor the unfashionable park.—No! I set off for the ever-varying, and always interesting ocean: that monument of past, present, and to come,—that mighty and commanding prince of this world's grandeur. Here I found, what I never cease to find on its venerable shores, the most delightful food for contemplation, and repose from all the bubbles of this life. It is the resting-place of the thoughts, the opiate of the mind, the Lethe of all mortal anxiety; for, with such a noble book before our eyes, is it possible, for a moment, to allow the busy intrusive cares of our insignificant selves to interfere. With me, it is not possible. I compare myself with this magnificence, and vastness, and sublimity, which lie before me, shrink into my own unimportance, become, mentally, a nonentity and enter into the very depths of the sea, and roam to its extremest verge, as if a part of itself.

If any thing, made by mortal hands, could presume to sit by side of the majesty of nature, certainly this was of all places the one; for what was there in perspective?—A huge mass of elegantly constructed stone-work, carrying its wondrous barrier far into the sea, offering a bold defiance to the fury of storms, and a welcome protection to the tempest-driven mariner. This, then,—this proud specimen of man's agency, was not the most appropriate spot in the world to talk about nonentities, and that indefatigable little biped, in the same breath! True—it was not, but I am a roving writer, and always give free colour to my thoughts; so that I indulged in a strange mixture of humility and pride this day: another sad instance of poor human frailty!

I was, in truth, walking on that grand pier, which is well known in this country as the 'Pigeon-House Promenade.' I could have dwelt there for hours. It was really a most fascinating scene. I was strutting along, on this gigantic causeway, mile after mile, full out towards the main ocean: the sea, on each side, laving the walls, which already begin to look venerable, with a profusion of aquatic plants, that grow on their abrupt ascents. Just peeping from under the horizon, the royal mail steam-packet was driving along at her usual rate, passing all the sailing vessels, on her way from Holyhead to Dunleary: with a long curl of smoke, hanging in the air, from her chimney, like a swaggering pennon floating on the breeze. To the westward, the sun was gliding beyond the summits of the mountains, tinging the neighbouring sky with that rich redness which we often see closing a frosty day; to the south-east, the moon, now nearly at her full, had already risen, as if to dare comparison, in her own beautiful pellucid sweetness with the gaudy splendour of her great rival; and to smile a benediction on his departure. These matchless perfections of an omnipotent hand seemed to be motionless, as if willing to gaze as long

as possible on each other. Their faces were reflected from the water, which lay calm and bright as a vast mirror, giving a faithful copy of all that surrounded and hung over it.

I stood so long to behold this mixture of heavenly and earthly beauty, that it was almost dark by the time I reached land again. I certainly had left the earth for a short time, but I soon found myself once more on *terra firma*, and, as I thought, in a fair way to quit it altogether; for I had to march through such streets, and pass such company on my road, that, a speedy release, in good earnest, from all the uncertainties of this life was by no means an impossible occurrence. However, I got home in safety to eat my roast beef with zeal, and to look back on the day's employment with pleasure. ALOST.

#### QUERIES ANENT ASMODEUS.

MR. EDITOR,—Pray what is become of that merry, agreeable devil hight Asmodeus? Can it be possible that you have cashiered him, for it is not in the nature of things that he should be actually defunct; which would be almost the only satisfactory reason that could be assigned for his silence at such an interesting and critical period as the present, when both scandal and folly are so rife. Is he making caudle for Miss P—n, who has, in spite of Malthus, the calculating theories of political economists, and the laws of female virtue, published to the world the fruits of her *labour—query*, professional? in the form of a chopping boy,—greatly, it is said, to the scandal of a certain writer, who had just prepared a very powerful defence for the morals of the stage? But as this reads very much like a digression, let me again ask, what is become of Asmodeus? Can it be possible—you see to what an extremity my doubts drive me;—can it be possible that he is busy in concocting, or in helping the too notorious Harriette to concoct, her precious budget of meretricious scandal and boudoir morality! or is he suggesting to her delicate and sensitive publisher the prudence of defending his honour from the imputations of certain journalists, and of seeking legal redress by actions for libel? I should be loth, however, to imagine that our friend Asmodeus has any thing to do with such loose productions or unchaste characters; perhaps, therefore, he is employed in purer and holier occupations,—in preparing sacred legal ties for Maria and her repentant pea-green squire. If such be really the case, what an honour to have achieved an union that must astound the whole town,—save and excepting the knowing ones. By the by though, Mr. Editor, I think that the lady has not behaved very handsomely towards many of her ultra-sentimental defenders, who sympathized with her most pathetically, and bemoaned over her most lugubriously, as the most ill-treated of her sex, and the most unfortunate of all the unfortunate damsels in this vast metropolis. Now, out of mere decency or gratitude, she ought either to have pined herself to death, or hanged herself in her garters; or at least have abjured the faithless world and the odious sex. But lo! while some

good bodies, in the simplicity of their hearts, imagined that she was doing penance in sackcloth and sables, and hiding her shame from the world, the pert hussey comes giggling and coquetting before the whole town—dancing and singing, and looking most archly and killingly—and comes, not as a conscious trembling frail one, but as a proud victor, and is received with acclamations from an overflowing house—and then, too, the luxury of those delightful newspaper paragraphs, worth a thousand times their weight in gold, filled with such phrases as 'house crowded to suffocation,'—'intense interest of the audience,'—'sympathy of the boxes,'—'fifty guineas a night offered by provincial managers!!' Now all this is really—withstanding what a few old-fashioned folks may think of it, a prize in the lottery; and we make no doubt that the lady herself thinks so:—therefore, 'let the devil wear black.'

But this has been a tolerably long *by the by*: so let us return to Asmodeus. And where,—if he is making neither caudle nor wedding-cake—where can he be, or how is he employed? I can hardly imagine that he is assisting, aiding, and abetting old Porcupine in his history of the Protestant Reformation, and his defence of Catholicism. I will not even suppose, for an instant, that he instigated the valorous Colonel Berkeley to horsewhip the Cheltenham editor; much less can I imagine that he is amusing himself in such low freaks as inspiring fraudulent barbers to swindle 'respectable' females who resort to so singular a method of improving their finances,—out of the curling honours of their heads.

Can it, after all, have actually happened, that Asmodeus has lost himself in attempting to assist Mr. McDermot to discover the secret politics of the Times: if so, I should be greatly concerned. But I am rather inclined to suspect that he is playing the truant, and the real author many sly practical jokes in various parts of the town. Indeed, I think it will come out, by and by, that it is he who has been so mischievously amusing himself in undermining the foundations of the Customs House, and loosening the walls of the Opera House; which are, be it remarked, *en passant*, not the only loose part of that establishment. I feel confident, too, it was he who instigated poor George Hale, the peaceable and pacific, to attempt to introduce a very summary reform into our church liturgy, and to enter into a very queer kind of polemical controversy with the officiating clergyman at St. Clement's, during divine service. I shall, however, be extremely glad if you can satisfy me that my apprehensions are groundless, or, rather, if Asmodeus himself would do it under his own hand and seal.

PHILO-ASMODEUS.

\* I intend shortly to publish, for the illumination of society, a dissertation on the term 'respectable,' and its nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine meanings, a work which I may venture to term unequalled for extent of research and for philological acumen, to say nothing of the curious anecdote, by way of illustration, with which it will abound.



## THE POETS CAMPBELL AND BYRON.

[In justice to Mr. Campbell, we deem it necessary to print his letter in defence of the originality of one of his poems.]

*'To the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.'*

*'MY DEAR FRIEND,*—The criticisms in your review of my last volume of poems can form no proper subject for any printed animadversions of mine; but I hope the readers of this letter will excuse me for answering one of your observations, which relates rather to a matter of fact, than to a matter of opinion.

*'You say that my poem, the Last Man, seems to have been suggested by Lord Byron's poem, Darkness.*—Now the truth is, that fifteen, or it may be more, years ago, I called on Lord Byron, who at that time had lodgings near St. James's Street; and we had a long, and to me a very memorable conversation, from which, I have not a doubt, that his lordship imbibed those few ideas in the poem *Darkness*, which have any resemblance to mine in the *Last Man*. I remember my saying to him, that I thought the idea of a being witnessing the extinction of his species and of the creation, and of his looking, under the fading eye of nature, at desolate cities, ships floating at sea with the dead, would make a striking subject for a poem. I met those very ideas, many years afterwards, when I read Lord Byron's poem, *'Darkness.'* It may be asked, why I did not then appeal to Lord Byron about the originality of those few ideas? As circumstances have turned out, I now wish that I had done so. Lord Byron's most attached friend has given me his opinion, that if his lordship had not forgotten the conversation, and was conscious of using an idea which I had suggested to him, he did so prepared to give me credit for the suggestion whenever I should claim that credit. Had I taken this view of the case, and had I also then finished my little poem, I should, in all probability, have written to Lord B. But I had not written the piece, and at that time thought I never should write it. Unimportant as the leading idea was, I was discouraged by its being taken from me. There seemed to me to be no use in setting on foot a correspondence with Lord Byron, merely to dun him for an acknowledgment of my right to a stray idea. He might, or he might not, have recollected our conversation; but if he had forgotten it, his telling me so would have only increased a petty mortification. Then, as for ascertaining the matter by proofs, after years had past, how was I to rake up the recollections of those persons to whom I might have, long ago, mentioned the design of my poem? One might be dead; a second might be uncertain as to dates; and a third certainly had so domestic a relation to me, that the evidence was no better than my own. In reality, I abandoned, for a great many years, the idea of fulfilling my sketch. But I was provoked to change my mind, when my friend Barry Cornwall informed me, that an acquaintance of his intended to write a long poem, entitled the *"Last Man."* I thought this hard! The conception of the

*Last Man* had been mine fifteen years ago; even Lord Byron had spared the title to me: I therefore wrote my poem so called, and sent it to the press; for not one idea in which was I indebted to Lord Byron, or to any other person.

*'Had I foreseen events, I should have communicated with Lord Byron, during his life-time, on this subject; but I could, no more than any one else, foreknow the loss of his mighty genius to the world.*

*'If it should be alleged that this declaration of mine implies a reflection on Lord Byron's memory, I have to answer, that it by no means necessarily does so. His glory goes against the supposition that he was a conscious plagiarist from me; and I am only affirming, what I feel to be true, that I could not be either consciously or unconsciously a plagiarist from him. There are really not many ideas in the two pieces which are similar. But supposing my statement to be true, do I depreciate Lord Byron?—No! He either thought my suggestions "fair game," or forgot that it was not himself who had started them. A poor man easily remembers from what quarter he has received each of his few pieces of money or bank-notes; but a rich man easily forgets where he got this or that coin or bank-note, amidst his accumulated thousands! In like manner, Lord Byron was the most likely person in the world to forget the sources of his ideas.*

*'For the acceptance of what I have declared, I have nothing more to rely upon than my own character and credibility. It would be attaching a ludicrous importance to this matter, for me to offer any stronger affirmation than my word of honour. How few, or how many will believe that word, must depend on the common notions of my veracity; but, supposing me conscious that this is truth, I ask if I have not a right to state it? I am yours, very truly,*

*T. CAMPBELL.*

*'London, Feb. 28th, 1825.  
10, Upper Seymour Street, West.'*

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

*In Imitation of Horace.*

LET others, foolish, talk of love,  
To captivate the willing fair;  
No more that trifle me shall move,  
Or give my mind one gloomy care.

Young Cupid, throw aside thy dart,  
Nor vainly use the killing trade;  
For needless here will prove thy art,  
Where no impression can be made.

Long practis'd in the little ways  
Which lead directly to the heart,  
'Twas Laura's charms, 'twas Laura's praise,  
That to my soul did joy impart.

No other wish but this I crav'd,  
To be possess'd of all her charms;  
The greatest dangers I'd have brav'd,  
Nor fear'd a rival's fierce alarms.

But how mistaken is our bliss,  
When we in woman put our trust:  
They, smiling, yield a tempting kiss,  
But faithless prove to him that's just.

Adieu, then, all the senseless pleasure  
That in female forms we take;  
All we gain is empty treasure,  
'For every woman is a rake.' J. C. P.

## AN OUTLAW'S DEATH.

DARK is the night, and black clouds lower  
O'er spray-washed rock and moss-grown tower;  
But yet on yonder bank there lies  
A figure who outfrowns the skies:  
Cold is the night, the damps are chill,  
But his lone heart is colder still.  
See where, at length, the struggling moon  
Surmounts obscuring clouds. Now soon  
All will be silvered in her light,  
And sable scenes exchanged for bright;  
A quivering ray beams on his eye,—  
Mark you its rolling agony;  
His cheeks are blanched with hue of death,  
Clenched are his teeth and low his breath.  
Hark! heard you not a groan arise,  
In trembling murmur to the skies;  
On that same sigh an outcast's soul—  
Broken its chain—to heaven it stole. R. Z. S. T.

## FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH  
ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET, PALE  
MALL EAST.

THE second exhibition of this infant, but promising institution, will open to the public on Monday; and, if any proof were wanting of the progress of the fine arts in this country, and the necessity there was for a new gallery, open to every department of the art, the success of the Society of British Artists would supply it. Commenced as a sister institution (not a rival or competitor, save in exertion to advance the fine arts) to the Royal Academy and British Institution, it rallied, in a few short months, such a number of artists and patrons of art, as to erect the finest galleries, for the display of pictures, in town, and to fill them with the productions of living British artists.

The second year's exhibition will, we feel confident, meet with increased patronage and support. It contains upwards of seven hundred works of art, in the various branches of oil painting, water-colour drawings, sculpture, architecture, &c. We have neither time nor space to dwell on the respective pictures, but, when we say that Northcote, Heaphy, Hofland, Linton, Martin, Haydon, Glover, Sharp, Cartwright, Stanfield, Meyer, Miss Sharples, Nasmyth, Rossi, and the Hennings, with a host of other eminent artists, have distinguished themselves in their respective walks, we shall do sufficient to excite public interest, and cause our readers to expect a treat.

Martin has a picture of singular grandeur, the Creation. Hofland has some beautiful landscapes. Linton has a fine composition, Delos, the subject taken from the *Aeneid*, and a most delightful view of The Vale and Lakes of Keswick, in Cumberland. Glover's Ullswater is a fine picture, and Cartwright has a sweet view, the Mole Head at Santa Maura, sunset. John Burnett, the celebrated engraver, has an excellent portrait in oil (the first he ever painted, we believe) of Mr. Copland Hutchinson, the eminent surgeon.

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The veteran Northcote exhibits a fine painting of a striking incident in the life of the Emperor of Russia, when his majesty recovered a peasant apparently drowned—There is a charming candle-light scene of a gentleman reading, in which the light is admirably managed. Then there are groups of game, which, though hanging head downward, any cockney would fire at on the 1st of September, and such a larder of Christmas fare as would make any poor author's mouth water. In sculpture the Hennings have some clever things, but of those and the gallery generally more anon.

#### THE DIORAMA.

This splendid exhibition, which neither diminishes in exciting surprise or attraction, is just re-opened to the public. The view of Brest Harbour has been withdrawn, and a new view, by moonlight, of Holyrood Chapel has been substituted. The change is much for the better, and we shall be surprised if the new view does not prove one of the greatest favourites that has been presented in this novel and beautiful exhibition. Reserving, however, a more detailed description until we have paid the Diorama another visit, we shall merely remark, that the beautiful view of Chartres Cathedral is retained.

#### THE DRAMA.

We never new our great theatres less active than they have been lately; it is true that Kean supported one house, and Miss Foote the other (thanks to their peccadillos) and that the Oratorios filled up another night in the week; yet surely we might have been treated with a new farce, if not a comedy, since the theatres opened for the season. Any person knows that a comedy or a farce can be brought out with little or no expense, and we do think, in justice to dramatic writers, that they should afford them more frequent opportunity of trying their talents before the public. The melodrama of Puss in Boots cost upwards of 2000l. in producing it, and it lived but a single night. Elliston has had equally expensive pieces damned. What a spirit of competition would a sum like this excite among dramatists, did they know they would have, what Englishmen only want, 'a clear stage and no favour.' Speaking of Elliston reminds us that he has a new melodrama in hand, founded on that exhaustless source, the *Arabian Nights*. We hope Mr. Croly has not been foolish enough to attempt a second thing of the sort. His *Enchanted Courser* ought to convince him that his talent does not lie this way, at least. We had almost forgotten to state, that Mrs. Inchbald's insipid comedy of 'Wives as they were, and Maids as they are,' has been renewed at Covent-Garden Theatre; but nothing but the attraction of Miss Foote could make it tolerated.

Madame Catalani's last concert was on Thursday night, when the Argyle Rooms were crowded almost to suffocation. We trust, however, that it will not be her last public appearance in England.

The concerts of Madame Catalani will be succeeded, we understand, by those of the

celebrated Madame Szymanowsky, who has recently come to town. This lady, who is first pianist to the Empress of Russia, and has astonished all Europe by her talents, gave four concerts last year in London, which were attended by all the rank and fashion in the metropolis.

#### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A SERIES of tables, by C. R. Sanders, Esq. of the Royal Engineers, in which the weights and measures of France are reduced to the English standard, will be published in a few days.

The author of 'Smiles and Tears' is preparing for the press a second series, which will appear in the course of the spring.

The Last Days of Lord Byron is the title of a work which Captain Parry, of Lord Byron's brigade, who was with him at his death, and possessed his confidence in life, means to publish in a short time. The account which he gives of the death of his friend is said to be calculated to add, if any thing could add, to the national regret for his loss; and to excite feelings even stronger than surprise, at the conduct of some persons connected with Lord Byron.

Early in April will be published, a Complete Treatise on Rail-Roads, their Necessity, Advantages, History, and Description; accompanied by a great variety of original experiments on steam-carriages, &c. &c. with numerous drawings and plans, &c. &c. By Nicholas Wood, Esq.

A sort of theological review has appeared in Rome under the title of *Giornale Ecclesiastico*, two numbers of which have already been published. It professes to give a reasoned analysis of all new works on the subject of religion, whether for or against the doctrines of the Catholic church; and it will also contain the decrees and judgments of the sacred college in matters ecclesiastical.

Among the literary on-dits of the day, it appears that the Twenty-ninth of May, an historical novel, now in the press, which has excited much curiosity, will be confined to the description of what happened in London, at Whitehall and Windsor, on the memorable day of the Restoration, when the arrival of Charles le Debonnaire suddenly dispelled the national gloom, and all was banquetting, revelry, and joy. These volumes will be succeeded by a continuation of the history of that extraordinary reign—a subject we should think peculiarly adapted to the descriptive powers of the pen of the author of *Wine and Walnuts*.

A contrivance, invented by Mr. Sperring, of Buckland, near Frome, to relieve the wheel-horse of a two-wheel carriage going down hill, was tried at Frome on the 9th instant, before several scientific gentlemen and others, and found to answer the purpose to their entire satisfaction. It takes the whole weight from the horse's back, without removing the load; and very much retards the motion of carriages, without being in any way connected with the wheels. It is very simple in its construction, and may be altered at the top or bottom of the hill in a few

seconds, with great ease; it may also be disengaged from the carriage in two minutes.

*New Theory of Vision.*—For the last century, at least, the *retina*, or membrane which lines the bottom of the eye, has been uniformly assumed by metaphysicians, mathematicians, and physiologists, as the seat of vision. M. Lehot, an officer of a royal engineer corps, in a volume which he has recently published in Paris, has started a new opinion; and contends that the *vitreous humour* is the seat of the impression of luminous rays. He denies that there is any direct proof of the popular opinion, that our ideas of external objects are derived from images of them painted on the retina. He argues that the retina is pierced by numerous vessels; that in many animals this membrane is folded, and consequently that its surface is irregular, and incapable of conveying clear and distinct impressions to the mind. Those who suppose the retina to be the immediate seat of vision, he adds, have never been able to explain the power we possess of adapting the eye to different distances; and he announces that his hypothesis has led to the discovery of a mathematical law for the estimation of distances, and the real and apparent magnitude of bodies.

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	1 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather
Mar. 18	32	44	32	30 58	Fair.
.... 19	32	45	37	.. 67	Do.
.... 20	35	50	40	.. 65	Do.
.... 21	36	47	40	.. 56	Do.
.... 22	36	40	38	.. 32	Cloudy.
.... 23	40	46	35	.. 17	Fair.
.... 24	34	46	38	.. 03	Do.

#### THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

##### A SEXTON'S EPITAPH,

*Supposed to be inscribed on the tail-stone.*

I toll'd the bell to ring for all  
Brought hither underneath the pall;  
Now dead, so changed is the decree,  
The bell is told to ring for me.

Your name is *Miss Cross*, it is true,  
And a *cross* miss I sometimes may see;  
But so sweetly your smiles are, that you  
Are never a *cross* miss to me.

##### ENIGMA.

In Rome I dwell,  
The pope knows well,  
And I am heard  
In every word.

##### THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

In Eden's day—the present day,  
One law of Nature seems to guide;  
Americans secured their CLAY,  
And made an ADAM (s) to preside. J. R. P.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SONNETS to Charity in our next; when we are promised a Ramble from Asmodeus.

A pedestrian Trip to Cambridge is intended for insertion.

S—n's articles are good, but we have already so large a stock of such materials on hand, that we cannot increase it on his terms.



*Works published since our last notice.*—Crosse's Account of the Grand Musical Festival at York, Sept. 1823, with a Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Musical Festivals in England, royal 4to. plates, 2l. 2s.—The Pictures and the Betrothing, from Tieck, 9s.—History of Paris, 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.—Journal of an Exile, 2 vols.—Percival's History of Italy, 2 vols. 30s.—Scenes in Palestine, a dramatic sketch, 6s.—White's Compendium of the British Peerage, 7s.—Don Esteban, or the Memoirs of a Spaniard, 3 vols. 27s.—Hazlitt's Select Poets of Great Britain, 15s.—Life of Schiller, 10s. 6d.—Douglas on the Advancement of Society in Knowledge and Religion, 9s.—Impressions of the Heart, 3s. 6d.—Every-Day Occurrences, 2 vols. 14s.—Colquhoun on Promises, 14s.—Oliver's Critical Grammar of the English Language, on a novel system, 8vo. 12s.—Analecta Latina Majora, on the plan of Dalzell's Analecta Græca, 10s.

### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL EAST.

The SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION for the Sale of the Works of Living Artists of the United Kingdom, will OPEN to the Public on MONDAY next, at Twelve o'Clock.

W. LINTON, Secretary.  
Admittance, One Shilling—Catalogue, One Shilling.  
The ANNUAL DINNER will be held this Day, in the Galleries, where Tickets may be had, £1. 1s. each Dinner on Table at Six o'Clock.

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